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NOV. 17, 1945

Liberty

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EXPERT ADVICE ON THAT JOB-SEEKING LETTER

HOW MOSCOW TREATS INQUISITIVE FOREIGNERS

LIBERTY PROFILE: TED REEVE

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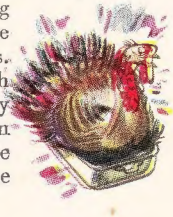

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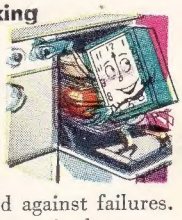

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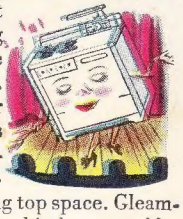

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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

ERSATZ HASH

BELLEVILLE, N. J.—It certainly seems strange to send recipes to Vox Pop, but I couldn't help doing so when I read about the worried, wondering housewives (Vox Pop, October 27).

Although hash does taste much better with meat, and you can even find some now, during the worst of the shortage I managed to fix some fairly good ersatz hash. The family actually said it was good—a com-

ment they never bothered to make when meat was in it.

Take three onions browned in butter (or substitute). Add half bunch of diced celery, two diced carrots, a green pepper (sliced or diced), four fresh tomatoes (skinned) or one cup of canned tomatoes. Cook for forty-five minutes. Add one cup of cooked rice and cook fifteen more minutes. Add water (boiled) if necessary. Enough for four servings.

The concoction tastes delicious.—*B. Mink.*

REGRETTABLE

NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASK.—I would read Liberty if it were only for the fine editorials. It is regrettable that every home in Canada does not take advantage of such a fine magazine.—*C. J. Cunningham.*

DOLLARS TO DONOGHS

LONDON, ONT.—Despite the cock-eyed calendar arithmetic of W. R. Donogh, Glenboro, Manchester (October 6 Vox Pop), Sydney H. McLean was correct when he said in his novel, A Moment of Time, that December 31, 1799, was the last day of the eighteenth century.

According to the Gregorian calendar and grandfather's clock, the eighteenth century commenced at 12.01 A.M., January 1, 1700, and by 12.01 A.M., January 1, 1799, had reached the full age of ninety-nine years. That's simple arithmetic. By midnight, December 31, 1799, it had added another 365 days, to total 100 years.

We'll bet dollars to donoghs—we mean doughnuts—that W. R. Donogh isn't aware that since January 1 this year we have been living in the forty-sixth year of the twentieth century and that December 31, 1945, will be the last day of the forty-sixth year of the twentieth century.—*Fred Young.*

ALTERNATIVE ADVICE

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Sometimes in your enthusiasm to do the right thing by the ex-servicemen who seek advice in your Back to Civvy Street column, you do the exact opposite. I refer to R. C. N. V. R. of the July 14, 1945, issue who wishes to become a farmer, and whom you advised to work for two years as a hired man in order to gain farm experience.

I would deal with his case in this manner. Why not direct him to some specialized line of farming which requires only a few months of training? A friend of mine has followed this course. He has acquired ten acres which he has planted to filbert nuts, which require his attention two months of the year. The remaining months are spent working for neighbors and thereby he is acquiring practical experience.

Would this not be better than two years of drudgery for someone else?—*S. Hall.*

A ROSE IS A ROSE

OKINAWA—I speak for many when I say that Tokyo Rose was the best morale builder the Pacific theater ever had. She did no harm, but she did do a whole lot of good. We marines think a lot of Tokyo Rose.

Why punish her for doing more good than she ever did harm? Don't

sentence her to anything, unless it's to put her back on the air. She's got a beautiful line and a swell voice plus a wonderful taste for music. When we couldn't receive entertainment from home some twenty-five months ago, we always had our passionate Rose to keep us from cracking up.—*Pfc R. R. Z.*

OXO

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OXO Prepared from PRIME, RICH BEEF

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NEXT WEEK—NOVEMBER 24, 1945

VIRTUALLY every Canadian has been or will be among the customers of John David Eaton. In next week's LIBERTY PROFILE, Wilfred List reports on the merchant prince who, at 36, heads the largest organization of its kind in the world. . . . Uranium is apt to become the world's most precious metal. In the article, ARCTIC CRADLE OF THE ATOM, Richard L. Neuberger relates how the rusty notes set down forty-five years ago by a Canadian geologist led to the world's richest source of uranium—and to the atom bomb which ended the most devastating war in history. . . . Narcotics save life and ease suffering. They can enslave and kill. In GETTING THE DROP ON DOPE, Albert Q. Maisel tells the story of the pitched battle to keep dope out of the wrong hands, and of the men who wage it. . . . With his novel, Native Son, Richard Wright gained immediate recognition as an able novelist. That he is also an able spokesman for all the Negroes of North America is proven in his autobiography, BLACK BOY. This compelling best seller appears next week as Liberty's Book Condensation.

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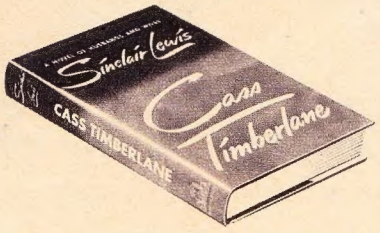

This nineteenth novel by Sinclair Lewis is the story of Judge Timberlane, who falls deeply in love with and marries a girl young enough to be his daughter. A story of husbands and wives, it is a living American novel of the stature of *Arrowsmith, Babbitt,* and *Main Street.*

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and

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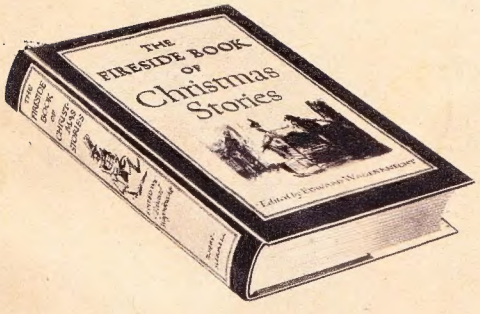

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FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Don wakes up to the excruciating knowledge that there's no whisky left in the house.

THE LOST WEEKEND

(Paramount)
Ray Milland, Jane Wyman, Phillip Terry

THE mighty team of Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder (of Double Indemnity fame) have directed, written, and produced The Lost Weekend, a faithful adaptation of Charles Jackson's novel about a man on a four-day bender. Ray Milland does a wonderful job as Don Birnam, probably the lushest part of the year—in every sense of the word.

As in the novel, Don evades his brother's surveillance, thus giving himself four whole days to escape from reality via alcohol. He has no money; therefore most of his dipsomaniac holiday is spent trying to beg, borrow, and once to steal cash to buy the all-important liquid.

It's a frenzied, horrifying search. On one of the days he staggers out with typewriter under arm, and begins slogging up Third Avenue, looking for a hock shop. All of them are closed, and tortured Don walks fifty blocks before he discovers the reason —it's Yom Kippur.

At the end of the same day he falls down a flight of stairs. From there we are catapulted into one of the grimmest of all movie scenes: the Bellevue alcoholic ward. Honors here go to Frank Faylen, who does a masterful bit as a male nurse. When the lights in the ward go out and the screams go up, you'll be struck with the full force of the horrors of the d.t.'s.

As Don's girl, Jane Wyman gets "A" for Effort at being *simpatico*. Phillip Terry is Wick, the commonsensical brother whose soberness outweighs Don's drunkenness.

The Lost Weekend is a worthy probing into the causes of chronic alcoholism. It doesn't preach or moralize. It simply states, "Here I am in this condition, here are some of the events leading up to it. Maybe now you can understand how I got that way."

Wick discovers Don's secret cache.

RECOMMENDED PICTURES

HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY (M-G-M). June Allyson, Robert Walker, Hedy Lamarr. A modern fairy tale.

BLITHE SPIRIT (Noel Coward). Rex Harrison, Margaret Rutherford, Constance Cummings. A supernatural farce.

THE HOUSE ON 92ND STREET (20th Century-Fox). Bill Eythe, Lloyd Nolan, Signe Hasso. Drama-documentary about the F.B.I.

MILDRED PIERCE (Warner Bros.). Joan Crawford, Ann Blyth, Jack Carson. James Cain's murder-melodrama.

THE TRUE GLORY. Anglo-American war film. An extraordinary documentary.

STATE FAIR (20th Century-Fox). Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews, Dick Haymes. A bucolic musical.

Dear Sir: About That Job—

BY JAMES D. WOOLF

An expert reveals the "secrets" of getting an answer to that job-seeking letter. Some things are good to do; others very bad. Read here before you write

JOB hunting becomes more important than ever during the reconversion period, particularly for the returning service men and women, many of whom were in school or had no experience in seeking jobs before the war.

For more than thirty years I have been getting many, many hundreds of letters from young men and women—and old ones, too—asking me for a job. Some of these letters have been very good, but many of them were hardly worth the paper and ink it took to write them.

Because I am an advertising man, interested in the art of putting words together to make people do things, I have given a lot of thought to these letters, studying them carefully to determine, if I could, why some of them "clicked" so much more effectively than others. I think I have learned a lot from them, and what I hope to do here is to pass along to returning veterans and other job seekers some observations that may be helpful.

The chances are that you seek a special opportunity and don't want any old job. By all means make as many personal calls as you can, but, to *multiply your chances,* make a list of all the companies for which you'd like to work—ten, twenty, or thirty of them—and write them a letter—*a good letter.*

When you write a letter asking for a job, you must assume that the man to whom you are writing has no interest in you whatever. *You simply don't exist for him.* His great interests, quite naturally, are *himself, his* business (or *his* job, if the business is not his), *his* problems, and *his* struggle for success, *his* welfare and the welfare of *his* family.

Your task is to somehow relate yourself to his interests. If you have something he wants, and if in the opening lines of your letter you can make him feel it, he is pretty sure to read further. You see, the first hurdle you must leap is his disinclination to read your letter at all.

"I am twenty-four years of age, have had a high-school education, and am married" is no way to start a job-getting letter. Why? Simply because the man to whom you are writing is not interested. You may be twenty-four or sixty-four, an illiterate or a Phi Beta Kappa, single, married, or a widower. You may be sure he cares about none of these matters during these first few words of your "courtship."

TRY, if possible, to say something about him and his needs and his problems. For example: "Perhaps your accounting department, hard-pressed these days because of the new tax laws, needs trained help, etc." Not a very stirring opening, true, but it touches on a matter that *may* be bothering him, hence may strike a responsive chord.

It is not always possible to be specific, and circumstances may be such that you are compelled to write more or less in the dark. In these cases, try at least to get a *you* feeling rather than a *me* feeling into your opening. Possibly you have heard that the man you are writing to is "self-made." An opening like this might be good: "Your business, everybody says, has been built up largely by the efforts of self-made men—men who started with you from scratch when the company was small."

Give *specific* and *complete* information about yourself. Here, for example, is a vague and general letter that could not possibly be of interest to an employer:

Dear Sir: Have you an opening in your organization for a young man of twenty-five?

My education has been good, I have had some general business experience, and I can give good references. I was overseas with the army for two years and was given some specialized training.

I am enthusiastic and a hard worker and all I ask is a chance to make good. Will appreciate hearing from you at your convenience.

THIS letter is remarkable principally for the information it withholds. It fails to state the nature and extent of the writer's education, the length and character of his "general business experience," the nature of his "specialized training" in the Army, the type of job he thinks he is fitted for, what companies he has worked for, and so on.

Now compare the above letter with this one to a wholesale drug house:

Dear Sir: Isn't it true that the success of your business is founded on your understanding of the retail druggist—your understanding of his needs and problems, his hopes, his ambitions?

I am the son of a retail druggist. I am twenty-three years of age now, and I have helped out in my father's drugstore since I was fourteen. I am pretty sure that if I were on your side of the fence, and it was my job to sell merchandise to the retail drug trade, I would know just how to go about it.

In addition to what I have learned

(*Continued on page 36*)

He felt Elsa's face against his cheek. "Of all the—the enemy, you would be least likely to forget that we are—people," she whispered.

A MATTER of JUSTICE

BY STANLEY GRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

The lieutenant had known the town before—long before—when love and laughter were possible in Germany. Now, as the conqueror, the avenger, he returned to find love again but under far different circumstances

LIEUTENANT FRANCIS TORGERSEN of the Allied Military Government of Occupation had done everything the manual told him to do. Sitting in Jodl's *Weinstube,* fingering the coolness of his half-empty glass of the best local press, he wondered where he had failed. Failure it was, no doubt of it. The carefully averted faces proved that.

And his heart and mind were ill at ease. He remembered the liveliness of this village, where the natives twelve years ago had still called themselves Bavarians, not Germans. He remembered the peaceful dark of the lampless streets, the boys trooping home from late walks singing songs tender and rich with harmony as they passed the houses of their girls.

He remembered the days with Elsa Norden on the paths of the Harz. And one especial day, when the low sun made the checkerboard vineyards below a deeper green, they had stood in an opening of the Oberstberg and said things they thought they would never forget. They had just learned something of love.

He was afraid now that he would never learn any single thing from any native of this town. The streets when they were dark were still peaceful, but he had the fear they would not be so for long. Even Elsa had been distant. *After twelve years why shouldn't she be?*

"The textbooks, Elsa," he had tried to explain gently, "had to be changed. We are not bent on making Americans out of your little charges, but —well, you could not have used the old books." This in German, *good* German, he was glad to know. His year at Munich, his vacation months in Mindesheim, Elsa's amused corrections—yes, his German was good.

"In my student days," he had said, opening an outlawed text to point to the author's name, "that man was a fake."

"You speak right, *Herr Leutnant,*" Elsa had said obediently. Her hair was no longer in plaits, but she still had the same quick toss of the head as she walked into the next room.

Now, disgusted with Jodl's, he put his glass down with a thump and went out. From the dark street he heard the chatter revive. I'm here to liberate them, he thought, but they wait until I'm gone to talk about the grapes and the best sprays and the meat we are getting from America next week. A man passed him.

"*Grüss' Gott,*" said Torgersen in the old Bavarian form.

No answer.

At the inn he found on the ground floor only the charwoman, bent down, picking up litter.

"*Grüss' Gott,* Mina."

The old woman grunted.

He pounded up the stairs, his feeling of impotence mounting to rage. His room had been searched again. The blotter on his desk had been moved. In a fit of anger he picked up the flowered water pitcher from the washstand and threw it crashing against the wall. That ought to bring Herr Baumann running, Baumann with the eye for a coin.

IN the old days, when Elsa's father had owned this inn, it had been a place of gaiety and plenty. But when Torgersen had returned as an officer of the Allied Military Government, a gaudy swastika had displaced the pine tree over the gable, the ancient token of hospitality. And Elsa's father was dead from too many beatings. And Herr Baumann was now the owner. Tomorrow, Torgersen decided, a guard would be stationed at the door of this room.

"You rang, *mein Herr?*" Baumann was insolent even in his posture.

"I did, Baumann. With a pitcher. You don't take to decent treatment, do you?" He rang for his orderly.

"Take this man to the guardhouse," he ordered. "I'll call headquarters at Neustadt in the morning and arrange for his transfer."

A cornered look of fear was Baumann's only answer.

When the two had gone, Torgersen lay down on the bed and closed his eyes. . . . What had he done wrong? Gazing at the elaborately figured plaster ceiling, he tried to imagine himself, his own town in Ohio, under the orders of a well-intentioned foreigner. He tried to see Herman, Elsa's brother, not dead on Crete but sitting instead in the lobby of the old Walker House in Georgetown. Herman would be wondering what to do with Tommy Burton, cocky because for three years he had been air warden, shooting off his mouth in front of Doc Teeters' drugstore, stirring up the village loafers —as Ernst Kaufmann was undoubtedly doing this very moment in Jodl's *Weinstube.*

Torgersen sat up with a rush of disgust. I'd hate Herman, yes. But I'll be damned if I'd listen to the schemes of a cheap pusher like Tommy Burton. An Enemy of the People—Torgersen had read the title somewhere. It described Kaufmann to a T.

He put on his cap and went out into the dark town. Through Himmlergasse—something would have to be done about that name, too—he strode toward the house where Elsa had a room. The door opened before he knocked. Ernst Kaufmann must have been watching in the dark.

"What can I do for you, *Herr Leutnant?*"

"I wish to see Fräulein Norden, please."

"She is asleep."

"Wake her, then." This was unkind, Torgersen thought, but he had to see her, make one last effort to break through the icy pall that was numbing his mind and will. "I have reached the end of my patience, Kaufmann."

"That is most regrettable, *Herr Leutnant.* But please speak lower. My wife—"

"There was"—Torgersen continued—"Wait until I have finished, please!" Kaufmann had moved toward the bedroom— "There was a cut wire in my car ignition this afternoon. You are a mechanic, I understand?"

Kaufmann stood with his hand on the doorknob, uneasy at the harsh tone. "I assure you, *Herr Leutnant,* that I—"

"Yes. You would. Now call Fräulein Norden."

Kaufmann bowed like a waiter. He half closed the door behind him, but Torgersen could hear a knock, the murmur of Elsa's reply, hushed talk.

Kaufmann came back and said, "*The Fräulein* will be out presently."

"I'll wait outside," said Torgersen.

IN the dark street Elsa's white robe, the twin plaits of her blonde hair were pale shadows. Twelve years ago she had always worn her hair in plaits, and now she was, for this moment, that young girl again. Torgersen wanted to put out a hand to touch her—the twelve years seemed like nothing—but he stood firm and said:

"I couldn't start my car this afternoon. Did Kaufmann do it? My room was searched again today. Do these annoyances mean anything? Anything more than petty spite?"

She sighed. "I know nothing of what you assert, *Herr Leutnant.* I am very tired."

He did stretch his hand toward her then, moved by the dull hopelessness of her tone. The wall between him and the others—yes, that was believable. But not between them.

(*Continued on page 47*)

PHOTOS FROM SOVPHOTO

The A.P.'s Eddy Gilmore and Reuters' Paul Winterton and Harold King manage an unsupervised chat with a Russian in Kharkov.

Making Friends with Moscow

BY GEORGE MOORAD

NORTH Americans should realize in reading reports from Moscow and many stories about Russia written on the outside, they are consuming the output of the most intensive propaganda system ever devised.

When I entered Russia I was prepared for any limit of censorship, but not for the mental ghetto into which every foreigner is relegated.

The life of a Moscow correspondent is regimented and supervised as closely as that of a Soviet citizen, except that we get much more to eat.

Our contacts are limited to translators or secretaries and messengers, who are carefully investigated and licensed by the Foreign Office (*Narkomindel*) for their dangerous professions. These employees may be seen in our company at the ballet, theater, or even dinner.

Nothing may be cabled or broadcast by foreign correspondents until it has appeared in the Soviet press. This ensures that Tass, the official agency, and Radio Moscow will reach London with their messages twelve hours earlier. Correspondents, however, are allowed a limited interpretation of the Soviet expressions, if they are considered favorable. But during the war it was not "favorable" to dwell on the high-speed advance of General Eisenhower's troops, and on one occasion I was not permitted to say, "Naturally the Russians are highly pleased at the progress of Allied armies in the west. . . ." I then asked the censor if I might say the Russians were *displeased,* and he restored the original expression.

Russians are friendly people, but their tough-minded officials don't like a correspondent to have too sharp a nose for news. Inquisitive foreigners get "the business," Soviet style

As a rule we were not allowed to stress the importance of the Anglo-American war effort, to mention lend-lease and its effect on the Russian diet, our strategic bombing in support of the Red Army, the need for closer Allied relationships, or any of the Soviet's postwar plans.

During my assignment to Moscow, the number of correspondents dropped from about thirty to fifteen, due to the harsh travel restrictions and censorship.

One of the most cruel and fascinating facets of life in Moscow is watching the indoctrination of a newcomer and observing his struggle against the system.

Usually he drops quickly into one of the two classifications which we entitled Fascist Beasts and Kremlin Stooges. This classification has little to do with writing, because censorship is meted out impartially to friend and foe. In fact, many of the leading Kremlin Stooges have been forced to smuggle out material which was slanted in Russia's favor.

For example, there is a rigid taboo on description of life within the Soviet Union, harmless details of food or clothing, or mention of the tremendous personal sacrifice which each Soviet citizen made during the war. It took me three days to make my first broadcast, because New York had requested a description similar to one I had previously done on London and its people in wartime.

During the latter days of the war in Europe, we could not travel more than fifty kilometers from Moscow, although Finland, Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, part of Czechoslovakia, and half of eastern Germany were solidly under Russian occupation.

In an effort to better the situation, last March a three-man committee of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, making a round-the-world campaign on behalf of a free exchange of news, reached Moscow.

The committee included Wilbur Forrest of the New York Herald Tribune, Ralph McGill of the Atlanta Constitution, and Carl W. Ackerman, dean of the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism.

The fact that the American committee was allowed to enter the Soviet Union at all made its trip a success. Its members were allowed to see a responsible Russian official, Vice-Commissar Simon Lozovsky, a feat which resident correspondents had been unable to accomplish in nearly two years.

They were also permitted an interview with Editors Pospelov of Pravda, and Ilyichev of Izvestia, who, as the Americans observed, "Declared in almost identical speeches their system was most representative of the wishes of the people and was a 'free press' because it represented only the people." The Soviet editors also said that Red Army generals would not permit U. S. correspondents to accompany their armies because "the Americans have too often broken their word about releasing news and information."

This particular excuse was new to us, although in my first talk with

Correspondents got to one Soviet bigwig—Commissar Simon Lozovsky.

Apollo Petrov, chief of the press department, I was told:

"The Soviet Union does not recognize the institution of Allied war correspondents, and American and British agencies have been so informed by our embassies."

When I pressed Mr. Petrov for the reason, he first said that Russian correspondents were given no facilities in the west. I pointed out that two Tass correspondents had gone into France with me, and that I had seen others in Italy and Egypt. Then he said the Soviet Union was afraid we might be killed. He declared we were assigned only to cover Moscow and our editors knew it, and predicted there might be a trip to the Balkans "in some days." This is a favorite Russian expression, something like the Spanish *mañana.*

In the next seven months, while all of eastern Europe was liberated, I had only two trips, totaling twenty days, away from Moscow—to Helsinki and to Bucharest.

When unauthorized material does slip through or emanates from the outside there is a self-contained department devoted to answering foreign critics. In spite of all their fiery phrases, the Russians mean nothing personal in these attacks. It is merely business—the routine of propaganda.

Not every critic of Russia will feel the lash. An obscure correspondent, driven frantic by Moscow censorship, might write a series of unfavorable stories. Unless these stories attained prominence abroad, the writer would not be troubled.

But once a story finds prominence abroad, the denunciation machine swings into action. The story, or offending excerpts, will be cabled back to Moscow by Tass for study by the Bureau of Propaganda and Agitation. Depending upon the importance of the item, the job of answering will be assigned to Ilya Ehrenburg, or to the volatile David Zaslavsky, or perhaps to some official of the Foreign Office writing under a nom de plume.

The more scholarly answers are left to Ehrenburg, who formerly lived in Paris, where he attained some prominence as a novelist. Ehrenburg loves France almost as much as he dislikes Anglo-Americans, and his particular joy is to find someone who proposes soft treatment for German war criminals. Tass in New York combs the American press for suitable quotations from Senator Wheeler, the Hearst and McCormick publications, or any stray story which may fit in Ehrenburg's slot.

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Pravda, whose editorial offices occupy this structure, denounced critics of the Soviet Union as Fascist beasts.

When it came to a divorce, they were in complete agreement—something they'd never been able to manage while they were married. But agreement didn't last long when they began discussing the

Jenny stood up. "Take your feet off that desk, you lousy show-off. Sit up like a man."

Custody of the Dog

BY ISABELLA TAVES

ILLUSTRATED BY MACHTEY

MR. BONES sat on a pink-slip-covered chair looking detached. He was a dog of dubious ancestry, rather large for comfort, with a stubby tail and mournful eyes. Jenny liked to think that he exuded personality, but at the moment he was saving his strength. He was looking detached.

She felt anything but detached. And Jeff, on the prim Victorian sofa, was gradually turning an infused purple.

"I'll give you the car," he said, "I'll give you the furniture and the books, and anything else you want. But I keep Mr. Bones."

At the mention of his name, Mr. Bones allowed the merest tip of his tail to quiver, but he did not open his eyes. Jenny, in the brocade armchair opposite Mr. Bones' deeper-cushioned job, drew out her handkerchief. Her eyes were already swollen and her nose was red.

"But he is my dog," she said. "He was only six weeks old when I got him—"

"When I gave him to you," Jeff corrected with mounting tension. "You saw him in a pet-shop window and fell in love with him and I was in the maudlin stage of adoration when I thought you should have everything you wanted. God knows, I've learned a lot about women from you. The experience is worth something and I'm willing to pay for it. But I want Mr. Bones."

"You're being stubborn." Jenny dabbed at her eyes. "You traveled all over the country while I sat at home being a nursemaid to Mr. Bones. I might have been drinking frozen daiquiris on the top of the Mark Hopkins or eating oysters at the Occidental, but I had to stay home and walk the dog."

"You forget," Jeff said, "that it was on a dog walk that you met your great love. If you had been eating oysters in Washington you would have missed that big adventure. I'm not blaming you. Henry Parton is a lot bigger shot than I would ever want to be. I—"

"Jeff," Jenny's voice was cold, "you've been decent up until now. We were going to be civilized about this divorce. You've always been more in love with your job than you were with me. And I'm sick of sitting home while you tear around the world taking pictures. I wish you knew what it means sitting night after night in this damned apartment, waiting for you to call, not even able to go to bed early because I had to take the dog out—"

Her voice broke. Jeff stood up. He was a tall young man with mussed red hair and an air of general neglect. After two hectic years of being married to Jeff and trying to keep his clothes in press and buttons sewed on his shirts, Jenny had begun to suspect that he enjoyed creating the forlorn effect. He would walk into the office of the president of Standard Oil or of the United States and put his feet on the desk just as if he didn't know any better. The syndicate said that was what made Jeff such a wonderful photographer—he had the common touch. Eying his tangled necktie with distaste, Jenny thought, To hell with the common touch!

SHE tried not to look at him when he stood over her. After two years of being married, even though Jeff had not averaged more than eight months at home, divorce was complicated. When Jeff moved out to a hotel, Jenny had packed for him efficiently. Yet she constantly came upon small, unimportant reminders of him—an autographed World Series' baseball, a tie clasp some movie company had given him for Christmas. While she gathered these accusing dumb items into a carton, she was infuriated by calls from him demanding to know the location of other things she well remembered packing.

"I have to go," he said. "I was due at the City Hall ten minutes ago. I'm sorry, kid. I'm prepared to do the decent thing about stepping aside and letting the right man claim you and all that, but I'd like to salvage Bones out of the mess. You won't begrudge me that?"

Jenny's teeth set. "And what will you do with him when you're sent off to China to photograph some railroad? Mr. Bones would die in a pet shop. Mr. Bones can't even stand airplane travel."

Jeff dropped a light kiss on Jenny's forehead. "Oh, then I'd let him visit you. You'd like that, wouldn't you?" He picked up the cowhide case with his equipment, a case unexpectedly neat and efficient. "Good-by, Bones. See you in bachelor quarters."

MR. BONES stood up, shook himself lazily, and dropped to the floor. Then he ambled over to the window, pulled his lead off the knob and stood with it in his mouth, looking at Jeff. Jeff patted the dog's head. "You had better take him out," he said. "With all the changes going on around here, he is apt to get neurotic if he doesn't receive proper attention. I read that in a book."

After Jeff had left Mr. Bones eyed Jenny accusingly. Jenny stared back. "You were out two hours ago," she said. "Henry will take you out when he comes, you know that. Don't roll your eyes at me that way. You are a spoiled dog. How do you ever expect to win friends and influence people— Oh, dear." She rose reluctantly and went in search of dark glasses to conceal her tear-soaked eyes. "Just around the block, then."

At five thirty Henry's secretary called to say that Mr. Parton would not be at Jenny's until six o'clock. That, Jenny reflected, was one of the comforting things about Henry. After two years of waiting dinner for Jeff, after two years of never knowing whether he would turn up alone or with the entire Hoboken fire department, Henry's considerateness always surprised her.

She was, Jenny reflected, a very lucky girl. Henry was everything that Jeff wasn't. Henry wore dark blue flannel suits and managed always to look fresh pressed and immaculate. He gave the impression of compact strength; when he smiled, his white teeth shone attractively

(*Continued on page 41*)

Liberty Profile:

TED REEVE

To many he is the best sports columnist in North America. As in Brooklyn, the best way to get a punch in the snoot in Toronto's Beach district is to make a slurring remark about its favorite product

BY HUGH NEWTON

EDWARD HENRY REEVE—soldier, philosopher, athlete, and leading citizen—is a shy and seemingly colorless person who could not by any stretch of the imagination be called a commanding figure. As a soldier, Reeve won no promotional stripes; as an athlete he never won an outstanding player award. He may or may not be the best sports columnist in the country, and as a football coach he has many critics, yet what Reeve says, thinks, or does commands more attention than the average Ottawa M.P. or business tycoon could ever hope for.

There are many who point to Ted Reeve as consistently the best sports columnist in North America. Reeve *should* be good by now. Instead of graduating to bright lights chatter or doping the international picture, as have the Runyons, Keirans, and Cunninghams, Reeve, after twenty-two years, is still primarily concerned with such matters as workouts for the King's Plate and what's wrong with Byron Nelson's putter.

Reeve, who went to work at thirteen to help support his widowed mother and who has spent nearly half his life engaged in what he calls "manual doings," knows his Dickens, Shakespeare, and Thackeray as well as he knows Nat Fleisher's annual ring listings and the Baseball Record. At the same time Reeve is a poet of no mean ability, though the well-metered verse which appears in his column as often as not paraphrases some well-known piece of bawdy doggerel.

Reeve's entry into journalism was not entirely attributable to his prowess as an athlete. Before he joined the staff of the Toronto Evening Telegram in 1927, while convalescing from football injuries, he sold fiction in that highly competitive market the U. S. class pulps. Since 1928 he has written some 5,000 columns, the six-day-a-week continuity broken only by his service overseas.

When someone points out that 5,000 is a lot of columns, Reeve is likely to mumble that it merely adds up to "27,000 split infinitives and a lot of corn." He thinks sincerely that Jim Coleman, columnist down the street at the Globe and Mail, is "terrific," and he is concerned lest Ralph Allen of the Globe, who turned war correspondent, might return to column writing.

"That guy Allen shows us all up. I hope," he adds, referring to the novel that Allen has been working on, "that he sells his book and doesn't have to go back to his old corner. That guy is terrific."

This is fairly indicative of Reeve's attitude toward others in his various fields who have had even a modicum of success, a charitable, kindly, homespun attitude.

At forty-three, Reeve is a gangling, heavily built man who weighs in at around 200 pounds, and whose height, if he could be made to stand up straight, measures six feet one and a quarter inches. In appearance he is a slow-moving Jack Hulbert, with the long nose and ski-slide chin of that English comedian. Reeve's massive-boned head is topped by an unruly mass of black hair, balanced by a Coldstream Guards mustache, which gives him a formidable air of strength and purpose. His eyes belie the slow tempo of his speech and motions. They are dark and piercing, typically Celtic.

The Moaner, as Reeve is known through the phrase he adopts when referring to himself in his daily column, buys good, conservative suits which after two wearings look as though they had been slept in. Reeve ambles along on his size 13 black brogues like a large bear looking for a place to sleep. This slightly stooped gait, in fact, earned him the title of the worst-looking soldier in the entire Canadian Army.

A non-smoker, Reeve likes his pint of ale and is said to be especially happy when sharing a quart of rum with some of his cronies in his well-furnished living room. An audience-holding raconteur, he has been holding court for years now in two downtown Toronto establishments. One of these is a tavern where he signs chits for his beer. The other, made famous through Reeve's column, is the Bowles Athletic Club, a gathering of sports coaches, mana-

gers, publicists, touts, Reeve, and hangers-on who meet every morning of the week but Sunday over coffee in a downtown Toronto branch of Bowles Restaurants.

As often as not, when the sun sets, these gatherings move to the Reeve home in The Beach, a handsome, two-storied, rambling structure of semi-Elizabethan design in a good residential area. Mrs. Reeve, the former Alvern Florence Donaldson, is Manitoba-born and a former softball and basketball star in Toronto. The Reeves were married in 1931 and have one son, Joe, now seven.

THE Moaner grew up in an unprepossessing frame cottage in what was then, as now, "The Beach," at that time a summer-resort area with a few permanent residents. Ted Reeve is to The Beach as the Dodgers are to Brooklyn and certainly the area's most revered citizen. It is said, as in Brooklyn, that the best way to get a punch in the snoot in The Beach is to make an uncomplimentary crack about its favorite product.

The young Ted, a gangling boy too tall for his age, did what every other good Beach boy did—that is, he ate, slept, and lived with a lacrosse stick within reaching distance from the time he could walk. When they weren't playing lacrosse, for a brief period in the fall, the boys played football. It was a natural sporting area and, besides Ted Reeve, produced such great athletes as Hooley Smith, Nels Stewart, and Ken Cawkell. It was upon this fertile field that the great Eddie Longfellow of field-lacrosse fame ventured and organized the Beaches Juniors in 1916. From that year until 1920, when the team turned senior, they held the Canadian Junior Lacrosse Championship.

Ted Reeve's lacrosse career continued, parallel with his football career, right through the years until 1931. He made his first acquaintance with journalism when he wrote a summertime lacrosse column for the Telegram on a space basis, a job which lasted for three years.

In 1924 he went to Brampton, where he played for the lacrosse team until 1927, working for a living as a laborer on the Dale Estate, the rose-growing organization. Reeve went to Oshawa for the senior team there in 1928, working in the General Motors plant, but returned to Brampton for 1929 and 1930. In the four seasons leading up to 1930, Reeve played on four Canadian championship teams. He finished his lacrosse career in 1931, playing the senior box variety with Montreal Maroons in a short-lived professional league.

Though he claims that he was a lot better lacrosse player than a footballer, it was in the latter sport that he became nationally famous. Blessed with a strong if brittle body and imbued with a seemingly bottomless reserve of stamina and more courage than was good for him, he became one of the all-time greats in the middle wing position—"tackle," for the information of readers west of the Great Lakes—and probably the most spectacular and most consistent kick blocker in the business.

Reeve started in football in the Beach area and stuck there for most of his playing career. It was in 1930, in his last year of competitive football play, that Reeve virtually singlehanded won the Beaches the Eastern and Canadian titles, and without scoring a point himself.

Beaches reached the Eastern finals with Hamilton Tigers. Hamilton had a mighty man, Dave Sprague, a mountain of hard muscle and flesh.

Strong men are said to have hidden their eyes at the two-man Donnybrook that ensued that November afternoon. For nearly forty-five minutes of play the two behemoths crashed with a tearing of tendons and resounding thuds. Reeve was the first to give, though only temporarily. Probably it should be said that the Reeve frame was the first to give. His left shoulder dislocated and his collarbone fractured, the Moaner visited the club doctor, and in the dying minutes of the game he returned, his shoulder taped, and stopped Mr. Sprague and his cohorts cold, to pull Balmy through, 8 to 5. A few weeks later his shoulder still held in place with tape, Reeve went in late in the Canadian final game with Regina Roughriders, and banged through to block what would have been the tying kick. A minute later he slammed through again and hit the expectant kicker so hard that the ball bounded into a Beach man's arms, who proceeded to score the winning touchdown.

Reeve was carried off the field by happy spectators, but that was the twilight of his playing days.

It was, for that matter, the Moaner's unhappy facility for coming apart at the wrong time that made it so hard for him to get into the Army in 1941. It is claimed that Reeve has broken forty-seven bones in his body, although he says this number is too high.

TED REEVE was coaching Malvern High School juniors in Toronto in 1932 when the Argos came and asked him to take over their team. It had always been a lurking ambition of Reeve's to coach the famed "double blues," but he turned the offer down because he wouldn't leave the school team in midseason. The following year, however, he accepted an offer from Queen's University at Kingston and stayed with them until 1939, when he went to Montreal to coach the Royals, an ill-fated club which folded in late season. During his stay at Queen's he won three intercollegiate titles.

In September, 1939, Ted was down in New York at the World's Fair, when the faint notes to "stand-to" came floating down from the north. The Moaner headed back home and to the nearest recruiting office. He was pushing forty at the time and they merely laughed and patted him on the back. Reeve persevered and won a commission in a Toronto Scottish reserve unit and bided his time.

In 1941, Connie Smythe of the Maple Leaf Gardens formed his famous Sportsman's Battery, the Thirtieth Light Anti-Aircraft. Herewith was perpetrated the greatest fraud of the war. Reeve, it was pointed out later, either bribed the R.C.A.M.C. or sent someone in who looked like him and got by the medical under his name. Anyway, he became Gunner E. H. Reeve and stayed in that position until sent home three years later.

"Ted Reeve," Major Connie Smythe, battery C.O., is quoted as having said, "is the greatest individual story of this war. There has never been anything like him. His heart is as big as a lion's."

Ted Reeve became known as "the worst-looking soldier in the Canadian Army." By that, it was meant "most unmilitary." His uniform had all the dash and class of an old potato sack and his oversized shoes were never shined—by himself, anyway. He used to hire a boy to keep them clean at twenty-five cents a job.

THE battery landed in England in 1943 and went into action five days after D Day, landing in France on June 11 of last year. Overseas the Moaner was father confessor to most of the young sprouts around him. Major Smythe tells of the first Christmas Eve in England, when, alone, he went to look for Reeve. Everyone else had gone on leave, but Smythe found Ted down in the hospital, passing out stories and cigarettes to the patients.

The Moaner himself ended up in hospital after traveling through Holland with the battery. During the bitter fighting around Caen in midsummer, 1944, Gunner Reeve cracked his left elbow and then forgot about it. Weeks later, though he had disregarded the increasing pain, he nicked it on an ammunition box and had to call quits. They diagnosed it as a fractured elbow and sent him on the long road home.

"I knew I was through long before that," he says now. "I could feel that I couldn't keep up with these healthy characters and began to think I was a drag on the battery. As it was, I was just as glad to be able to go home and stop playing hero."

No matter how hard he may deny it, Reeve can't help being a hero of some sort. It's difficult to conceive how anyone who goes on throwing himself at life with such constant fervor and with such unstudied abandon could avoid just stumbling into the public eye.

THE END

THE THROPP FAMILY

written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**

A CHARMING REPAST, MADAME THROPP. NOW I MUST BE OFF TO BUY DIAPERS FOR THE SHAH OF SHANNIFORS
TOO BAD IT'S DIAPERS, PRINCE. THERE HAVEN'T BEEN ANY IN THE STORES SINCE THE WAR.
LUCRE WILL PURCHASE ANY COMMODITY, MATER. HOW MUCH IS YOUR POTENTATE WILLING TO LAY ON THE LINE?
THE SHAH CANNOT WAIT. I MUST HAVE DIAPERS AT ANY PRICE. I WILL PAY ONE DOLLAR FOR EVERY ONE I CAN BUY--BUT THEY MUST BE NEW!
GET ME MY HAT, EMMA--**QUICK!**
GOODNESS!--**ONE DOLLAR!**
YOUR ILLUSTRIOUS RULER HAS BATS IN HIS ILLUSTRIOUS BELFRY
IS THAT LITTLE JERK REALLY A PRINCE, OZZIE?
INDEED HE IS, JACK. AND WHAT'S MORE, THE LITTLE PASHA IS OFFERING FIFTY CENTS FOR INFANT'S DIAPERS. HE'S PURCHASING THE BABY BINDERS FOR HIS BOSS, THE SHAH OF SHANNIFORS
I'LL BE BACK LATER, OZZIE--LOADED WITH DIAPERS
REMEMBER, MY ENERGETIC FRIEND, THE DIAPERS MUST BE NEW AND UNTARNISHED!
ARE YOU SURE HE SAID FIFTY CENTS FOR **ONE** DIAPER--OR WAS IT ONE **DOZEN**?
HOP TO IT, MOM--OZZIE SAID A HALF A BUCK **EACH** DIAPER!
IT'S ABSOLUTELY TRUE, BESSIE--FIFTY CENTS FOR **ONE** DIAPER. YOU CALL ALICE AND I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH MARY
STOP TELLING FRIENDS MOM, OR WE'LL NEVER MAKE ANY DOUGH ON THIS DEAL!
WHERE'S MY BREAKFAST?
GET IT YOURSELF. I'VE GOT IMPORTANT SHOPPING TO DO!

WHAT'S UP, TIM? SOMEBODY GIVING AWAY MINK COATS DOWNTOWN?
YOU GOT ME, MIKE. I AIN'T SEEN SO MANY WOMEN DRIVING IN ONE DIRECTION SINCE FRANK SINATRA PASSED THROUGH
CALLING CAR 22. CAR 22. PROCEED AT ONCE TO HIPPLEBY'S DEPARTMENT STORE. EMERGENCY. THAT IS ALL!
STEP ON IT, PETE-- IT SOUNDS LIKE A STICK-UP!
WONDER WHAT'S COOKING DOWN AT HIPPLEBY'S?
IT MUST BE A BIG BARGAIN SALE OR SOMETHING. WE NEVER HAD A CALL FOR TWO AMBULANCES FROM THEM BEFORE.
WHAT'S THAT, HIPPLEBY? YOU NEED MORE POLICE? WHAT KIND OF A SALE ARE YOU PUTTING ON DOWN THERE, ANYHOW? YOU WANT THE STATE POLICE? WOMEN FAINTING? HANG ON, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
MAYOR
PLEBBY'S
PPLEBY'S
POSITIVELY NO DIAPERS
NO DIAPERS
WHAT ON EARTH ARE THOSE DAMES SO EXCITED ABOUT?
IT IS IN THE NATURE OF THE FAIR ONES TO WAX EMOTIONAL. WHO CAN TELL WHAT STRANGE DESIRE BRINGS THEM HERE?

Through the twilight Webb saw the doors of two caves near the foot of the cliff. A small man in a parka came from the right-hand cave.

FREEZE-OUT

BY MURRAY MORGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

Things had never been so bad before, thought Webb as he parachuted into the Arctic wastes without food, gun, or shelter. But he discovered people there—not the kind he'd like to meet, but Webb found they had their uses

THE wind snarled through the open door of the transport. Webb Sidney braced himself against the blast as he heaved his baggage, piece by piece, through the opening. He watched the boxes fade away, back and below, plummeting through the chill Siberian sunlight toward the bruised purple of the Arctic Ocean.

The numbing cold struck through his three-layered Russian parka, and his fingers were stiff inside the triple gloves. In spite of the need for speed, he moved slowly. To work up a sweat in this temperature could be fatal.

The last box of meteorological equipment gone, Webb surveyed the bare cabin. He yanked the brass fire extinguisher and the green escape ax from their hooks and threw them out. As Webb followed the fall of the ax, the motors coughed again. The plane was still losing altitude, and there was nothing left to jettison.

He shouldered the sliding door into place and shuffled forward. The Russian pilot was bent over his instrument board. Webb tapped his shoulder and the pilot turned his masked face. With a push and sweep of both hands the American indicated he had thrown everything out. The Russian glanced at the needle of the altimeter and shook his head. Still falling. Webb pointed questioningly to the radio. The Russian shook his head. Still dead.

"Things are bad all over, I hear," Webb said to himself. He heard the words inside his mask, muffled. The phrase was one he always used when in trouble, and though he did not admit it to himself, he was superstitious about its effect. Admission of trouble was an offering he made to Chance when the going got rough.

Things had never been so bad before, not even the time he cracked up his canoe on the Tanana when making his first trip for the Weather Bureau. This time everything had gone wrong. The navigator's appendix broke at Cape Chelyuskin and though the doctor at the weather station had saved him, they had to leave without him. Now, with no navigator, they were lost over the Arctic Ocean. The radio was out. The motors were missing. "Bad all over," he repeated.

The Russian touched his arm and pointed. Out of the sea rose a mountain, its white peak breaking out of the twilight into the late afternoon sun. Webb was tight with happiness as the pilot heeled the big plane over. But as they swung around the island in a tight circle, his joy froze and settled in an icy lump in the pit of his stomach. No sign of habitation. No place to land. The mountain sheered off into the ugly ocean. He looked at the chart and guessed this was one of the specks between Medvyezh and the New Siberian group. Land lay at least two hundred miles south.

The pilot looked at him again, his eyes dim and expressionless behind the curved glasses of his weather mask. Webb guessed what he was thinking. There was no alternative. He nodded, and the pilot swung back toward the island.

With glove-clumsy fingers he fumbled in the case strapped at his side. He brought forth one of the two copies of his report. Looking at it again, he wished he had done a better job of typing. He had intended to fix it when he reached the States. Bureaucrats like neat reports, he thought ruefully. And triplicate copies. Without him about, to explain things, the report might lie on some desk indefinitely.

Webb had spent nine bad months compiling the six pages of figures, nine months in which, by plane and sled and foot, he had visited the most isolated weather stations run by the Glavzevmorput, the Russian Northern Sea Route Administration. His columns of figures added up to one of the most important discoveries in modern meteorology. With the information he had obtained, the west-to-east movement of weather could be predicted more accurately than ever before. A week in advance, American weather experts could plot conditions in Japan.

THE island lay below again. Webb handed the pilot a copy of the report. The Russian nodded, then took his hands from the wheel and clasped them momentarily, boxer fashion. Webb laid a gloved hand on his padded shoulder and grinned. He was glad the mask hid the grin, for it did not feel convincing.

He closed the cabin door. Crossing to the baggage opening, he did not let himself think. His movements were mechanical. He felt for the ring of the chute and hooked his thumb through it. Then he slid the door open. The island lay below. Without hesitation he stepped out. Not until the opening silk jolted his teeth into the foam mouthpiece of his mask did he start to think.

The plane bore away to the southeast. Watching it, he thought he could see it lose altitude by the minute. It could never reach the mainland. The sacrifice of his weight had not been enough.

He dropped out of the sunshine into the Arctic twilight. The island swelled toward him, its details taking shape. Basalt ridges stuck through the snow, and near the shore he saw tundra, purple in the evening shadow. Experimentally he crimped the guide lines, but could detect no change in his fall. Knowing nothing about chutes, he would have to leave his landing to luck. To hit one of the rocky ridges would be death. Even if he were not crippled, the rocks would tear his clothes. Exposure at thirty below would finish him.

HE came down in snow.

The drift was crusted, but his swinging feet broke the icy skin. He settled in the dry snow, unhurt, still clutching his chance in a million. Soviet weather observers live year round on some of these Arctic islands. He might find a station here. If not, perhaps he could hold out until spring.

"Quit kidding," he said aloud, afraid his optimism might bring bad luck. "You haven't food or shelter or even a gun. You don't know where you are, and if that plane doesn't make it, no one else will know. Things are bad all over." But he crossed his gloved fingers.

The air was smoky with cold. He dug some snow from the gauntlet of his outer glove and flicked it skyward. The clots fell straight; there was no wind.

Carefully he pulled off his weather mask. The cold knifed through the wool helmet underneath.

Webb hoisted himself from the snow wallow he had broken in landing and tested the crust. The surface was old, yellow, and porous, but it supported him. He would not have to flounder through drifts when hunting a cave. His breath cracked in the cold air. Hearing the danger signal, he donned the mask again.

It was too late to explore the island before dark. He prepared to spend the night, foodless, in the snowfield. Enlarging the break he had made in the crust, Webb scooped a wind trench, stamped the bottom smooth with his mukluks, roofed it with the folded chute. Carefully he brushed the loose snow from his clothes and lay down.

Well, he thought, there's a housing shortage home in Fairbanks, too. He was soon asleep.

THE cave was near the crest of the basalt cliff, not far from where the valley faded into the chill, waveless sea. Webb had seen the low opening in the black basalt bastion as he combed the narrow beach for sea urchins. Having spied it, he hunted a few more of the prickly green mollusks, broke their shells between rocks, and scooped out the rich orange roe with a wide flat sliver he broke from a drifted birch log. Then he turned back to the cliff.

The ascent was easy, for the stone was fantastically weathered. From the top of the cliff a pathlike fault reached down to the cave. The opening was chest-high. It angled slightly upward and slanted toward the tip of the cape. Webb entered on hands and toes. He was careful not to scrape holes in his knees on the rock.

The tunnel stank. Even through his mask he could smell the offal and the high fetid fumes of decaying fur. The stench pleased him, for it proved something had lived in the cave. He paused in his crawl, one hand raised. Perhaps that something was a bear. He shook himself, throwing off fear as a wet dog rids itself of water, and went on.

In the dark his head pushed against something, something soft and resilient. He pulled off a glove and raised his hand. He jumped. Fur! Now was the time to use his precious flashlight batteries. He reached into the deep pocket of his outer parka and grasped the felt-padded barrel. Webb was afraid, so afraid that his hand shook and the roof of his mouth felt hollow. He turned on the light.

The reindeer hide hung across the tunnel. The top was held in place by ivory wedges. Stone weights were suspended near the bottom. Panting with relief, Webb pushed the fur to one side. There were two of the fur doors, each several layers thick. At the second he paused, removed his mask, and hallooed. No answer. He went on.

Beyond the second door the stalk of tunnel flowered into an oval cave. He probed the cavern with his light. Hides hung from the walls and littered the floor. In the far corner lay a slab of rotten meat and near it a heap of filth. A pair of seven-foot iron-tipped spears leaned against the wall. The fire pit in the middle of the floor was filled with ash. The fire was out. He knelt and felt the floor: still warm. That meant little, for a well-sheltered cave held its heat for months.

Webb was puzzled. The cave obviously belonged to Siberian Eskimos. But why had they let their fire go out? Where were the women and children who stayed behind when the men went hunting? If the entire family had moved away, why had they left food and furs and weapons? He finally shrugged off the question with the thought, Anyway, it gives me a chance to clean out the place before they come back.

THE Eskimos did not return, and after several days Webb stopped expecting them. He was busy readying the cave for the winter ordeal.

He threw out the verminous floor furs, covered the floor with pieces of driftwood and dry tundra, and burned the cave clean. While waiting for the smoke to leak out through the narrow niche in the roof, he went hunting. Crawling on his belly over the cold sea rocks in an Eskimo parka, flopping about with seal-like snorts, he wriggled close enough to a hair seal to spear it.

In the rocks at the foot of the cliff he found a growth of rock tripe and put the brown leathery leaves to soak in a skinful of water by the fire in the cave. He muled driftwood and dwarf willow up for fuel, filled the light-pot with seal fat and, a week after finding the cave, felt himself ready for his first big test, the sea freeze.

The cold increased daily; the quiet sea became lake-still. It remained free of ice, but in the evenings Webb saw tiny flashes of light above the placid surface, firefly sparks of freezing vapor.

Late in the afternoon of his eighth day, the air was suddenly filled with thunderous groans and creaks. Webb crawled hurriedly from the cave. The sea was deathly still, its surface ashen. As he watched, an icy spume formed on the water, the frothy pulp contracted into slabs of ice, the slabs swelled and joined, until half the sea was covered.

The rumbling and thundering reached a crescendo. A tremendous *crack!* rolled across the water. The sound bounced between the basalt cliffs, filling the valley with echo. Webb cringed and looked at the overhang of the cliff, fearful that the rocks might shake loose. When his gaze returned to the sea, the clots of ice had merged into broad sheets, broken by narrow paths, jagged as lightning. Then, as peal after peal of ice thunder reverberated through the valley, the paths began to freeze shut.

Webb tottered on the edge of the cliff. The thunder beat in his brain. Loneliness and sound filled him. He scrambled into his cave and buried his head under the furs, but the beat of his heart echoed the cannonading outside. He seemed to hold the quicksilver of his reason in shaking fingers.

Desperately he lit the seal-fat lamp and by its spluttering light read and reread his report. From behind a barricade of meteorological data he fought for his sanity. For minutes that were hours and hours that were eternities he pored over the recordings of temperature and air pressure and wind direction. Again and again he traced the paths of last year's storms as they swept eastward across Siberia. When at last the din ended and the sea was solid, Webb came from his cave, shaken but sane.

It was midafternoon and, after the tumult, the silence seemed deafening. The sun had barely nudged over the southern horizon, and a faint wind blew from the east, the first east wind since his arrival. Webb looked over the frozen sea, wondering if he had the faintest chance of trekking across the ice to Siberia before some extremely high tide, heaving up below the ice, tumbled its rink-smooth surface in impassable chasms and mountains. He shook his head. No, not without dogs. He must attempt to wait out the winter.

Then he saw it, to the east, a low smudge of smoke. He blinked, unbelieving, and looked again. Still there. Turning his back on the breeze, he pulled off the mask and looked a third time. The smoke hung in the distance, unlike any Arctic mirage he had seen or heard of. He shouted, but only the echo bounced back from the far cliff.

"Easy, easy," he told himself. "It's miles away. Don't go blowing your top now." He had not dared waste much time on exploration before, but now, with smoke on the horizon . . . "Easy, easy does it. Wait until morning, when you can use whatever light there is."

His breath coming short, his chest clamped with excitement, he went inside to prepare for the trip.

THE bodies lay on the beach, frozen and grotesque. There were five dead men scattered over half a mile. All had been shot several times. Studying the upward left-to-right path of the bullets across each body, it seemed to Webb they had been killed with a tommy gun.

"Things bad all over," he said automatically, with an apprehensive look at the cape he was skirting. The idea of sharing an island with an armed killer was even less appealing than total solitude.

He had come above five miles from his cave when he found the bodies. A mile farther, beyond the cape, he found an Eskimo settlement, deserted. A trio of skin canoes lay on the beach, smashed and ripped. The village consisted of a wooden-doored cave and a scattering of one-room dugouts. All were empty, the furs gone, the fires out. But in each there was fuel and rotten meat. As he was about to leave the cave, Webb noticed inside the wooden door a scrawl in English. He turned his light on it and deciphered the writing, "They take us boat."

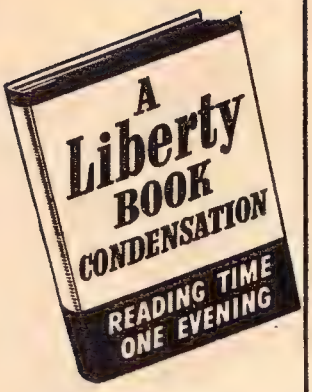
"It beats me," Webb admitted aloud.

He rubbed his masked chin with his gloved hand as he came from the cave, then looked at the smoke mushrooming over a near-by ridge. Perhaps the answer lay there.

He approached the ridge cautiously. The smoke seemed to come from the far side. Gripping his spear firmly and glancing frequently over his shoulder, he worked up the bluff. Reaching the top, he stood on a narrow plateau which sloped gently, then fell away in another cliff. From below the cliff the smoke rose.

Near the far side, he dropped to all fours and approached the cliff cautiously. A few feet from the edge he paused and looked to either side. He gasped. From his new position he saw, sharply silhouetted against the

(*Continued on page 34*)



The IRON GATES

Dr. Morrow's first wife had been murdered, and the crime was still marked "Unsolved" in Canadian police files. Then a messenger brought a mysterious package for his adoring second wife — heralding a swift succession of terrible events. The shuddery reality of this story has placed its author in the forefront of mystery writers.

BY MARGARET MILLAR

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

THOUGH he didn't admire the type, Sands liked Miss Scott at once.

"I'm a detective," he told her. "Homicide. I'm afraid I have to see Mrs. Morrow."

"I'm sorry, I don't think Dr. Goodrich will allow it," Miss Scott said. "She was quite disturbed last night. She's not yet diagnosed, and Dr. Goodrich . . ."

"If I could possibly get out of seeing Mrs. Morrow, I'd be glad to do it. I rarely pinch children or attack the sick, but sometimes it's necessary."

What a queer man, Miss Scott thought, and was dumbfounded into temporary silence.

"In this case it is," Sands said. "What I have to say to Mrs. Morrow may, remotely, help her. More probably it will disturb her further. I wanted this to be clear before I see her."

"Well, Dr. Goodrich will be here any minute," Miss Scott said and moved toward the door, glad to return to the world of unreason where everything was, in the long run, much simpler. She stopped at the parcel desk to pick up the gifts for her suite. Everything, even the flowers, had been opened, inspected, and done up again.

Lucille didn't put out her hand to take the parcels that were for her, so Miss Scott opened them.

"Hm! A bed-jacket. Look, Mrs. Morrow. It matches your eyes almost exactly. We're going to look lovely in it."

"Certainly," Cora said. "You in one sleeve and Lucille in the other. If I were running this place I would insist on some form of intelligent communication."

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Quite unruffled, Miss Scott unwrapped the flowers and the basket of Malaga grapes. "Shall I read the cards to you? Well, the bed-jacket is from Edith. The grapes are from Polly, with love. And your husband sent the flowers. 'Remember we are all behind you. Andrew.' "

"Thank you very much," Lucille said.

"And now, Mrs. Morrow, the other nurse is going to take you down to Dr. Goodrich's office."

Docile, Lucille moved out into the hall.

Cora looked coldly across the room at Miss Scott. "Is it possible to talk sense to you?"

"Talk if you want to."

"I shall," Cora said. "In the meager hope that something will get across. Mrs. Morrow is deathly afraid."

"Yes, she is, isn't she?" Miss Scott said thoughtfully. "She's afraid of her family. She told me last night. One of them is trying to kill her."

"Oh, come, Cora. You have too much sense . . ."

"I believe her," Cora said.

LUCILLE knew that Sands' face was one of the thousands of little faces that pursued her with silent shrieks through dreams and half-dreams. Yet she knew that he was on her side—more than Dr. Goodrich, or the

nurses. He looked at her evenly, without embarrassment, and his face seemed to be saying: I know fear and I respect its power, but I am not afraid.

"Mrs. Morrow. We've found the parcel you threw into the lake. Did you throw it away, or did Greeley?"

"Greeley?" Lucille said.

"He may not have used that name. Will you look at this, please, Mrs. Morrow? Is this the man?"

(I could pretend not to recognize the picture. But perhaps they can prove I knew him. I'll admit I know him, but nothing else, nothing else . . .)

"This is Greeley," Sands said. "He was the man who waited for you across the street from the hairdressing shop. He is dead."

"Dead?"

She had a sudden wild surge of hope. If this man was dead she would get out of here, she would fight.

"He was murdered," Sands said. "Someone has taken the trouble to kill Greeley on your account. Greeley was in the way—of something. Greeley was between you—and someone." His voice pressed, relentless, on her ears. "Who wants you dead?"

"If I knew," Lucille said. "If I knew . . ."

"You know why."

"No."

"You gave Greeley fifty dollars?"

("Here, take this, it's all I've got." The little man grinning as if the bitter wind had swept up the corners of his mouth. "I figured on more, I figure it's worth it." "I'll get it for you." The wind piercing her thin coat. "Now wait a minute, I ain't been standing around here for my health. I know what was in that box. I looked." "Who gave it to you? Who told you to bring it to me?" "Offhand like this I can't remember." The grin again, though he looked cold and sick. "I'll get more for you.")

"No," she said aloud.

"One of your maids has already identified Greeley as the man who brought the box to your house. If I am to help you, I must know what was behind this thing."

She shivered. She could still feel the wind. Her head lolled and her mouth opened.

There was a movement in the room, a hand touching her lightly on the shoulder, Dr. Goodrich's voice saying, "That will be all, I think, for today," and a nurse waiting to take her back to her room.

At the door she turned around. Sands was still watching her. "Good-bye," she said. She gave him an intelligent, almost apologetic glance, as if she felt even yet the strange alliance between them. You and I—we both have secrets—there isn't time to tell them.

MISS SCOTT, talking to another nurse in the corridor, turned her head suddenly. Her alert ears had picked up a sound from Mrs. Morrow's room. She ran noiselessly down the corridor.

Lucille was standing just inside the door, saying in a blank voice, "Cora? Cora? Cora?"

Cora Green was lying on the floor. She had fallen on her face with her hands outstretched, and spilled around her were blue grapes.

"Why, Cora," said Miss Scott. She knelt down.

(Why, Cora, you're dead.)

Quietly and quickly Miss Scott got up and walked back to Lucille, thrust her out into the hall and then locked the door.

"She was poisoned. In the grapes. They were for me, They killed her," Lucille said. The words were clear-cut in her brain, but they came out as jumbled syllables.

Miss Scott bent her head attentively. "Now, now, nobody's going to take your nice grapes away from you."

Lucille drew in her breath. If she spoke very carefully and slowly and tried to control her tongue they would understand her. "Cora—Cora—was . . ."

"Why, of course, Cora will be all right."

A doctor—not Dr. Goodrich—came into the corridor. Lucille saw him lock the door behind him. He was carrying his instrument bag in one hand and he didn't palm the key as the nurses did, but put it in his coat pocket. It was so large that one end of it stuck out.

She would pretend to be sick, or to faint, that was better. And when the doctor bent over her she would take the key. Through the doors and down the slopes and past the iron gate. Clever, clever, she thought, and heard the doctor padding softly toward her.

"Watch your key, doctor," Miss Scott said pleasantly.

TIME for lunch, time for rest, time for a walk, time for Dr. Goodrich.

"Miss Green died of heart failure, Mrs. Morrow. She had had a heart condition for some time. Her death was not a surprise to us. The autopsy was performed by a police surgeon, and there was not the faintest evidence of poison."

"The grapes."

"The grapes were all tested, Mrs. Morrow. Miss Green, Cora's sister, is perfectly satisfied with the report. Cora was apparently eating grapes and a bit of skin got caught in her throat. You must have come into the room just then, and perhaps the sudden entrance, and the blockage in her throat . . . There was no trace of any poison," he repeated. "I arranged for Cora's sister to come to see you. She's in the waiting room now."

Janet Green was a good-hearted woman. She liked to help people. She went at it firmly, telling Lucille in a calm kind voice that she was Cora's sister, that Cora had died of heart failure; she herself had attended the inquest.

"You mustn't treat me as if I'm stupid," Lucille said. "Cora wasn't stupid. She knew right away that she'd been poisoned."

"I'm certain you're wrong. No one would want to harm Cora."

"Not Cora. Me. They were meant for me. She ate some when I was out of the room. When I came back she was sitting on her bed eating them. I ran to her and told

her the grapes were poisoned and tried to get them away from her, but it was too late. She died instead of me."

The picture became suddenly clear to Janet. Cora had been sitting on the bed, eating the grapes, when Mrs. Morrow lunged across the room crying, "They're poisoned!" Cora had been frightened to death.

It was all clear. It even accounted for so many of the grapes being spilled round the room.

DURING lunch Sands and Bascombe talked about the Morrow case. Bascombe's department had had nothing to do with it since Lucille Morrow had been found. But he had a professional interest in the case, and he listened intently to the story of Cora Green's death.

"Three of them," he said when Sands had finished. "Damn odd."

"Miss Green's death was, of course, an accident. The grapes were not poisoned. It wasn't planned or even imagined by the person responsible for the other two. But her death is driving Mrs. Morrow past the borderline of sanity. And that, I believe, is the ultimate motive—to get Mrs. Morrow. Mrs. Morrow must be made to suffer, perhaps eventually she must be killed."

"Damn funny the mere sight of an amputated finger would send her crazy, though," Bascombe said.

"It didn't—not the finger itself. It was the implications of the finger. A dead finger meant to her a dead woman—Mildred, the first wife; and a death warning to her, the second wife. Of course it's a member of her family. No one else could hate her so thoroughly, or know enough of her weaknesses to attempt such a refined sport as driving her insane."

"Who in hell would even think of sending a finger? And where did it come from?"

"The Morrow family can offer no suggestions. They are united in one thing—that the police have no right to bother them, that they are having enough trouble as it is. I questioned them at their house. When I was leaving, Dr. Morrow took me aside and asked me everything about the finger. He looked frightened, as if he knew quite a lot that he wasn't telling."

"Morrow seems to have bad luck too." Bascombe finished a piece of pie. "Coming?"

Sands said he was not going back to the office. He had an appointment. Fifteen minutes later he was facing Lieutenant Giles Frome across a small writing desk at the Ford Hotel.

"I can't understand it," Giles told him. "Polly's got some idea in her head that I've walked out on her. What I did was come down here. The rest of the family didn't want me there. Why should they? I'm a stranger to them. The whole thing has been a mess from the time I met her family. Practically before we said hello we had to run into a train wreck."

"Oh? Who was with you?"

"Polly and her father. I was so damn nervous anyway about meeting her family—I'd only known her for three weeks. And then running into that mess and ending up by picking up bodies . . ." He looked bitterly at Sands, as if Sands had engineered the whole thing. "All right. What did you want to ask me?"

Sands smiled. "Nothing. Not a thing. Just dropped in to see how you were."

Still smiling, he walked across the lobby, pausing at the door to wave his hand cheerfully.

"Everybody's crazy," Lieutenant Frome told the bartender some time later. "Everyone's crazy but me."

"Sure," the bartender said. "Sure."

ON the day of Cora's death Lucille was transferred to a room of her own and put in the charge of a special nurse, Miss Eustace. Lucille was losing weight rapidly. She never bothered to comb her hair and had to be told when to wash her hands. Though she seemed to listen quite attentively when Miss Eustace was talking, she rarely answered, and what talking she did was at night after she had been given a sedative.

One morning there was a letter for Lucille from Edith. Miss Eustace read it to her:

"Dear Lucille: I hope you received the chocolates and pillow rest I sent day before yesterday. It is very difficult to get chocolates these days, one has to stand in line."

Lucille turned her head and looked deliberately out of the window. (It is very difficult to get poisoned chocolates these days, one has to stand in line.)

"We all miss you a great deal, though I know you won't believe it. The policeman Sands was here again, talking about the train wreck. You remember that afternoon? I don't know what he was getting at, but whoever did anything to you, Lucille, it wasn't me, Lucille, it was not me! I can't figure anything out any more. I have this sick headache nearly all the time and Polly is driving me crazy. Meals are the worst time. We watch each other. It's terrible—we watch each other."

Silly woman, thought Miss Eustace, and turned the page.

"I know Andrew wouldn't like me to be writing a letter like this. But, Lucille, you're the only one I can talk to now. I feel I'd rather be there with you, I've always liked and trusted you."

(I've always loathed and been jealous of you. We watched each other.)

"Do you remember the night Giles came and I said, God help me, that we were a happy family? I feel this is a judgment on me for my smugness and wickedness. I don't know how it will all end."

(This is a judgment on me for my wickedness. It will all end.)

"That's all," said Miss Eustace.

(That is all. It will end and that is all.)

Miss Eustace was annoyed. People shouldn't write problem letters.

"Let's bundle all up and get some nice fresh air, shall we?" she suggested.

Lucille sat, heavy and inert, while Miss Eustace lifted her arms into her coat and tied a scarf around her head and put on her gloves.

The roof garden glittered in the sun. Snow clung to the high fence with the strands of barbed wire around the top. Slowly Lucille walked over to the fence and put her hand on it. She looked down through it and saw little

people walking, their tracks behind them in the snow the only sign that they were real. So tiny and futile they seemed, like the skiers in the park.

Lucille remained pressed against the fence. She did not feel the cold, the pain, the heat of the sun. She was not aware of Miss Eustace somewhere behind her. She looked down, her eyes strained.

"If you don't move around a bit, Mrs. Morrow, you'll be cold. You mustn't take your gloves off, dear, your hands will freeze."

She could feel Miss Eustace coming up closer, but she didn't hurry with the second glove, she didn't even look to see what she was doing. She was filled with a great power because for the first time in weeks she knew now what she must do. Miss Eustace, no one, could stop her.

Her hands clung to the fence like eagle's claws, and she

began to climb. She braced herself by catching the heels of her shoes in the fence holes, and up she climbed, bent double, her coat flapping around her.

Miss Eustace screamed "Stop!" and caught hold of one of her ankles and pulled. The heel of the other shoe came down viciously on the bridge of Miss Eustace's nose. She lurched back screaming and wiping blood out of her eyes.

"Come back! Come back!"

No—no—this is a judgment on me for my wickedness . . .

The barbed wire tore Lucille's hands and her face, but she felt nothing, made no sound. At the top she hoisted herself over, clumsily, but with great strength. Her coat caught on a barb and for a second she hung suspended in the air.

Then the threads of the coat broke and she fell. Her big black shadow slid quietly down the wall of the building.

"SIT down, Miss Morrow."

"Mr. Sands, is this the end of it? It must be. She's dead now—the inquest is over—she's going to be buried this afternoon . . ."

Polly looked thinner than Sands remembered her, and more vulnerable.

She kept her head down when she talked as if she was trying to hide behind her hat.

"I haven't any reason for being here, I haven't anything to tell you. I guess—well, I wanted someone to talk to."

"Normal," he said.

"It is? Most people would say it's very abnormal to be dashing around town on the morning of your stepmother's funeral. Especially after the way she died. Dr. Goodrich said it's humanly impossible for anyone to scale that fence. Yet she did it." Polly bit her underlip. "What a mess. What a filthy mess."

"You sound as if you're about to say, what have I done to deserve all this?"

"Well, I do say it. What have I?"

"I wouldn't know. But if you're looking for any system of logic in this world, in terms of human justice, you're younger than I thought."

"Twenty-five. But I've never been young."

"Women are notoriously fond of that cliché," Sands said. He smiled.

"You don't take me seriously."

He raised his eyebrows. "Four people dead and I don't take you seriously? Lucille died a hideous death and one of you is responsible. You, or your father, or your aunt. It's that simple, and that complicated. She wasn't killed cleanly, she was hounded to death. As by-products, there were two other deaths."

He walked toward her slowly. "Do you realize that not one of you has given me a scrap of information to help me solve these murders? I might have saved Cora Green and your stepmother, and Eddy Greeley."

"Two insane old people," she said in a bitter voice. "And a dope fiend. But I've had to give up the only person I've ever really loved because I couldn't bear to have him disgraced too. Officers in the army can't afford to get mixed up in a scandal."

"That's his business."

"No, it's mine. If he lost his commission, every time we quarreled he would fling it up to me."

"If he's the flinging-up type he won't need any excuse."

"I didn't say he was that type! He isn't!"

"What you're saying is, that's what you'd do if you were he. Well, I don't give a damn what you do as long as it doesn't come under homicide."

He thought she was on the verge of walking out. Instead she went back and sat down.

"All right," she said calmly. "What can I do to help you find out the truth?"

"It was on a Sunday, wasn't it, that you and your father went to get Lieutenant Frome. And on Monday your stepmother ran away. Up to that point you were a fairly normal family group. You had made the adjustments to your real mother's death . . ."

"I never adjusted to my mother's death and I had no affection for Lucille. I have never forgiven my father for marrying again."

"What I'm getting at is that something must have hap-

Assignment—LOVE!

Softer Hands in 30 seconds

IN A COAST-TO-COAST TEST LANOLINE-ENRICHED HINDS GAVE A FEELING OF SMOOTHNESS TO ROUGH HANDS IN 95% OF CASES

FROM COAST-TO-COAST housewives, career women and bobby sockers praised the qualities of Hinds. Mrs. D. R. Allan, 1862 Dorchester Street West, Montreal, said "I've used Hinds for years . . . it keeps my skin so very soft. Yes, and Hinds works so quickly . . . only a few seconds makes such a difference!"

And here's what Miss Allie Simington, 3 St. Clair Ave. West, Toronto, Ontario, said "I never worry about chapping effects of winter weather on my hands when I use Hinds. It has such a grand perfume too—and never feels sticky. No wonder Hinds is my favourite!" Mrs. W. J. Fisher, Sanhurst Apartments, Winnipeg, Manitoba, had this to say about lanoline-enriched Hinds, "Quick as wink Hinds makes my hands soft, smooth and pliable . . . I like it *very* much . . . so effective on arms and elbows, too!"

Hinds for Hands
HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

pened on that Sunday to precipitate matters. It doesn't look to me as if someone had been brooding for years about sending Lucille an amputated finger and waiting for a convenient train wreck. No, I think that on Sunday someone received a revelation, and the wreck itself suggested a means of getting back at Lucille."

"That leaves Edith out. She was at home," Polly said. "She was a little fluttery at breakfast about Giles coming and I remember she kept saying 'today of all days,' which annoyed me. I don't like fusses."

She paused, frowning thoughtfully down at her hands. "Oh, yes. Then father couldn't find something, as usual, and I heard Lucille tell him to try the cedar closet and then she came in and had breakfast, and she and Edith talked. As soon as Edith went out, Lucille left. I remember that because it was so pointed."

"Pointed?"

"Yes. Because father and Edith weren't there she didn't have to put up with me, she could get up and leave. When father was there she was all sweet and silky. You should have seen her face when I told her I was getting married. She positively beamed. One out, one to go, see? Edith might die, and then she could be alone with father. That's what she wanted. She never fooled me for an instant—even before . . ." She stopped.

"Even before your mother died?" Sands said.

"Yes. Even then. I didn't like her because she was in love with my father. And she—stayed that way,"

"And he?"

"Oh, he loved her," she said grudgingly. "Not in the same way that he loved my mother—Lucille was so different from her. Father always had to look after Mildred, but when he married Lucille she was the one who looked after him. She and Edith. Poor Father. A couple of years ago Edith and Lucille pressed him into retiring from full practice. He's never had very good health. Still—it's a thing for a man to settle by himself."

"Like marriage."

She flushed and said coldly, "That's different."

"Back to Sunday," he said.

"I've told you everything. It was the most ordinary day in the world until we ran into the train wreck. We worked steadily until late that night. I took time off to phone home because I knew Edith would be worried." A grudging note was in her voice. "Lucille, too, I suppose, though not about us. That's really all I can tell you."

SINCE she had read of Lucille's suicide in the paper, Janet Green's conscience had been troubling her. She felt that she had not done enough to help Lucille and that she was, in a sense, responsible for what happened. Then the urge had seized her to go and see the Morrow family. She felt vaguely that once she had seen them, things would be clearer and the whole business less mysterious and frightening.

Since she did not want an actual encounter with the family she decided to go to the cemetery where Lucille was to be buried. There would be a crowd of curiosity-seekers there; no one would notice her.

But the first person she saw was Sands. He was standing apart from the little group of people around the open grave. He had his hat off and the driving snow had whitened his hair. She began to walk around to the other side, and he looked up and nodded at her.

The minister was praying, and one of the group around the grave had turned around and was looking at her. It was an older woman, heavily draped in black.

"Edith Morrow," Sands' voice said in Janet's ear. She jumped. She hadn't heard him approaching. "Dr. Morrow's sister."

Edith Morrow came over to them.

"You have no right to be here," she said to Sands in her high desperate voice. "Why can't people leave us alone?"

"This is Cora Green's sister," Sands said quietly.

"It was your sister who died?"

"Yes."

"We—one of us . . ."

"Oh, I don't look at it like that at all," Janet said in embarrassment. "I just thought I'd—like to see you all."

"You've seen us now." Edith leaned closer and her voice was a whisper. "Tell me, which one of us?"

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There was a silence. The Janet said, with a warm deep sympathy, "You poor woman. Some day perhaps you'll all be laughing about how suspicious you were of each other."

"If I could think that . . ."

EDITH turned away and went back. Janet's eyes followed her, full of pity and understanding. The group beside the grave was waiting for her, looking at her.

We watch each other, Edith thought. Someone had said that recently. Who was it?

She remembered with a shock that she herself had written it to Lucille. It was the first she'd thought of the letter since she'd sent it. She should never have written it. Where was it now? Suppose it was in the bundle of things that the hospital had sent back this morning?

Her mind set up a wild clamor: I must get the letter. Andrew mustn't see it—no one . . .

As soon as they arrived home she excused herself with a headache and went upstairs. She met Annie in the hall.

"About Mrs. Morrow's clothes," Edith began, and tried to keep the agitation out of her voice.

"I put them in Dr. Morrow's room," Annie told her.

Edith went and lay down on her bed. The pain in her head was intense. She could hear talking down in the living room, and she waited until she could distinguish voices, Polly's and Andrew's, so she would know she was alone upstairs.

In silence her slippered feet crossed the hall. She switched on a lamp in Andrew's room. She glanced toward the smoking stand beside the leather chair and saw that he had left the lid of the humidor off. Automatically she walked over and replaced it.

An open book straddled one arm of the chair. She picked it up. It was a diary.

Funny, I didn't know Andrew kept a diary, she thought. No, it can't be his. The writing's different, very round and big, and the ink's faded. She closed the book and put it on the arm of the chair again. Then she noticed the name on the cover.

"What are you doing in here, Edith?" Andrew's voice said, and the door clicked in place behind him.

"I—I was looking for Lucille's clothes."

"They're in the closet. We thought you were asleep."

"No—no—I—couldn't sleep."

She saw his eyes go toward the chair and falter.

"I didn't read it," she said.

"Don't talk like a child. What difference would it make if you had read it?" He closed his eyes for a second. "Mildred never wrote anything other people couldn't see."

"You read it—last night?"

"Yes."

"You've kept it all these years?"

"All these years, yes."

"But I thought—wasn't it missing after Mildred died?"

"Yes, it was missing. I had it. I didn't feel justified in handing my wife's diary over to a policeman." He picked up the book and held it out to her.

"No, no, I wouldn't want to read it! It will just upset me. . . . I have this headache."

"It won't upset you."

He was still holding it out to her and now she took it, almost without volition.

"Go to bed, Edith."

"I would, if I could sleep," she said gratingly. "You'll never give me anything to make me sleep. I have to lie awake night after night . . ."

"You're the type who forms habits too easily," he said quietly. "But rather than see you hysterical like this I will set aside my better judgment."

Her voice pursued him into the closet where he kept his medical supplies locked up, and into the bedroom where he poured out a glass of water.

"Here. Take this. It will begin to work in an hour or so. Now go to bed." He half-pushed her toward the door.

At ten o'clock Polly, the last one to come up to bed, paused in front of Edith's door and rapped softly.

"Come in. Don't shout at me through the door!"

Edith was sitting up in bed. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes had a glaring sightless look.

"I was just sitting here a moment before turning off the light," she said.

One of her arms jerked nervously and the sleeve of her bed-jacket slipped back and showed an inch or so of black dress. She covered it again quickly, but Polly had already seen.

"Well, I didn't have anything special to say," she said, her voice carefully blank. "Guess I'll turn in. How's your headache?"

"Headache? Oh, it's all right."

"Well, good night."

"Good night."

Their eyes met for an instant and passed on, like strangers on a dark street.

The door closed and Edith got out of bed and tore the bed-jacket from her shoulders. She put on a coat and tied a black scarf over her head and picked up the diary from underneath the bedclothes.

Then, a black shadow, she moved through the house, and went out into the street.

"GOOD morning, Miss Green," Sands said, "What brings you to see me?"

Janet Green put a paper bag on his desk. It had been stamped and postmarked, and her name and address had been written shakily in pen and ink.

"This came this morning," she said. "It's a diary."

Sands took the book carefully from the bag. The cover was tooled leather and across it, in gold letters, was printed "Mildred Scott Morrow."

"Edith Morrow must have sent it. I don't know any of the others. And I only met her yesterday."

"Perhaps that's why. She could trust you because you have no ax to grind."

"Yes, but there's nothing in the book that I can see! And why not keep it herself? Someone has marked passages in it. They're mostly about Lucille."

"Go on."

"Well, as soon as I looked into the book I rang up the house and whoever answered said Miss Morrow couldn't come to the phone. Then they hung up."

Before she had finished speaking Sands had risen. "Thanks for coming. I'll keep this. I've got to leave."

When he reached the Morrow house the doorbell was answered by Annie. "I'd like to speak to Miss Edith Morrow," he said.

"Well, you can't."

"Why not?"

"She's dead. And it's none of your business this time. It happened natural. She died in her sleep."

"I'm very sorry," he said, and Annie was impressed by his sincerity. "Where is the family?"

"They're up there with her."

"I don't want to intrude on them. Too late now. "I'll wait some place. Don't bother telling them I'm here."

"They wouldn't like it if I didn't. There's a fire in Dr. Morrow's den. You can go in there, I guess."

She left him then, and when he heard her go upstairs he took the diary from his coat pocket and began to read:

AW, GIVE A GUY A CHANCE!
GOSH, HONEY! I THOUGHT THINGS WAS GOIN' GOOD WITH US! WHAT'S HAPPENED? YOU GONE KHAKI-WACKY OR SOMETHING?
ME GO OVERBOARD FOR THE ARMY? I SHOULD SAY NOT!
SO YOU'RE STILL A NAVY GIRL! SO OKAY! TELL ME WHAT I DID WRONG SO I CAN FIX IT!
IT'LL TAKE YOUR DENTIST TO FIX IT, JACK! BECAUSE WHAT'S SINKING OUR ROMANCE IS —IS YOUR BREATH!
JACK SEES HIS DENTIST!
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LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM
HOW'S ABOUT YOU AND ME GETTING SPLICED THIS TRIP, HONEY?.
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, SAILOR! JUST GIVE A GIRL A CHANCE!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH TOO!
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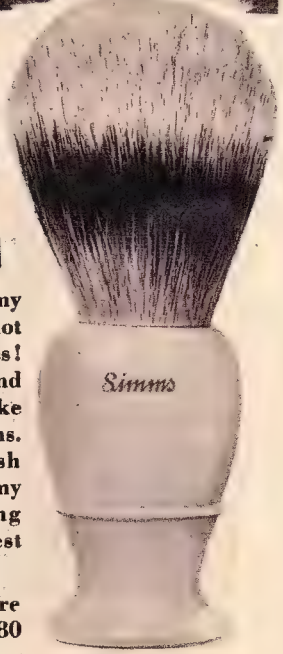

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August 31

Edith looks so pretty today! She's got on a new dress, so I told her we must do something special. So we had a picnic in the park! Lucille came along. I think Lucille could be very beautiful if she would only have some vitality. (Like Edith). She is still far too young to go on grieving for her husband. He was a lot older than she, and what we saw of him, not a nice person like her. Polly came on the picnic too, but she doesn't seem to like Lucille. She is too shy.

The last sentence was underlined in fresh ink.

September 6.

Well, I finally got Lucille and Andrew together! Andrew had a whole evening off, and though we've been Lucille's neighbors for ages, why, Andrew hardly knows her, he's away so much!

November 12.

I am sitting in Lucille's living room writing this while she knits. She knits with her eyes shut, imagine! I asked her what she was thinking and she told me that she was thinking she wasn't going to celebrate Christmas this year. Not celebrate Christmas! I told her, why not? She was very annoyed for a minute. She told me, look around you, look at my house and my clothes, can't you figure it out by yourself? Well, of course I could then. It was very embarrassing and I asked her if she wanted some money, a loan or a gift or anything. But she refused. I think she refused on account of Andrew, she knows he doesn't much like her.

December 4.

I took my portrait down to Morison's for a good cleaning today. Lucille came along and afterward we went to a movie and then for a cup of chocolate (which I should not drink). She is so quiet and patient, it's so very nice to go places with her. Edith is always in so much of a hurry!

Quiet and patient, Sands thought. Biding her time. At what particular moment did she begin to covet Mildred's husband and Mildred's money?

December 5.

Well, here I am over at Lucille's again tonight. It is nice to have someone to drop in on after Polly's in bed and when Andrew is on a case and Edith is out. Edith is having quite a rush from this George Mackenzie, but Lucille says she doesn't think Edith will marry him because she's too wrapped up in Andrew. I know Edith adores Andrew and harries the life out of him, but I always thought it's because she hasn't a man of her own. I told Lucille this and she just smiled.

With each page Sands turned, the picture of Mildred became clearer. Mildred, smiling and secure, never questioning.

December 7.

Lucille and I took a walk through the park this afternoon. She began to talk about her marriage. Both her parents died in a hotel fire when she was seventeen, and quite soon afterward she married one of her father's friends, years older than she was. She said she hated him from the very first day. (And the way she said it! I couldn't believe it was really my own friend talking!) Imagine living in hate for ten years! You really should get married again, I told her.

December 10.

Andrew phoned to say he won't be home until late tonight, so I guess I'll drop over to Lucille's for a while. I want to show her the new earrings Andrew bought me. Later. Well, here I am. Lucille has the living room beautifully decorated for Christmas with clusters of pine tied with ribbon. I asked her where she got it and she said she'd simply gone out into the park and cut it, and we both laughed. I think I'll try it too! The pine smells

so fresh and clean, and think of the fun cutting it for oneself!

THAT was the last entry. The pictures kept forming in Sands' mind, though there were no more words to hang them on; Mildred, pink and pretty against the pine.

"Oh, I love it! It smells so fresh and clean."

"We could go out and cut some for you. It's snowing, the night is dark, and I have an ax."

Had the details of the plan occurred to Lucille suddenly at that point? Or had she plotted it carefully beforehand?

What had Lucille done with the ax afterwards? Put it in the furnace, Sands thought. The handle would burn, and the blade itself might be distorted beyond recognition. And Mildred's jewels—had she put them in the furnace, or had she hidden them?

He could see her coming, suddenly, upon the diary Mildred had left behind in the sitting room. If she hadn't been pressed for time she might have read it then and there and realized that it would have to be destroyed. But she didn't have time and she was cautious enough not to want to destroy it if it should prove harmless to her.

At one o'clock Andrew Morrow had come home.

"Edith! Edith, wake up! Mildred isn't home yet. Something must have happened to her."

"Why, she was just over at Lucille's."

"I'm going over to get her."

They had gone over to Lucille's.

"She left here ages ago, before eleven o'clock. I thought she was going straight home."

Lucille had helped them look, guiding them firmly away from the tree that sheltered Mildred. She had soothed Edith and nursed Andrew through his illness; and when she had become indispensable, he married her.

SANDS closed the diary and put it in his pocket. To send it to me would have been too final and definite an act, he thought. Edith wasn't sure, she wanted only to get the diary in some safe place outside the house until she could decide what to do about it.

Polly came in and found him slumped in the chair.

"I was—we were just going to phone you. My father will be down in a minute. He thinks—he thinks Edith killed herself. She was in his room last night, half-hysterical, begging him to give her something to make her sleep. He unlocked his cupboard and then went into the bathroom to mix her a bromide. It must have been then when it happened."

"What did?"

"When she—took the morphine."

"Why?"

She turned and looked at him. "I don't know."

"Can you take advice? Get out of this house right away. Go to your lieutenant. Don't stop to pack or think. Pick up your coat and get out of this house."

Andrew spoke from the doorway. "Mr. Sands is right. I advise you to go." He sounded tired but perfectly under control. "Lieutenant Frome's leave is up Sunday, isn't it? Today is Thursday, you haven't much time."

She looked from one man to the other.

"I don't understand. You know I can't leave you here alone, Father."

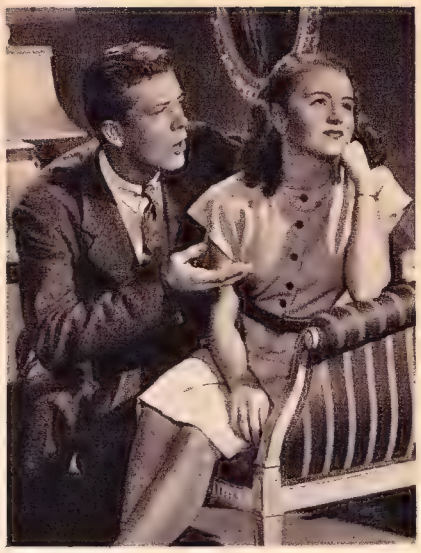
"Why not? Has it occurred to you that I might prefer to be alone?"

It might have been an ordinary family argument except that the girl's eyes had too much fear in them, and there was too much acid in the man's voice.

"I think I'm old enough to be allowed some freedom, Polly. Edith is dead now, the whole business is ended. Wherever I choose to go, at whatever time, I won't be required to phone home and give my exact location, the nature of my companions, and the state of my health. I am now a free agent, an emancipated man."

"I'm not the type who interferes," Polly said. She tried to sound scornful, but her voice trembled. "You wouldn't have to be phone-ridden. I'm not—I'm not Edith."

"No. But Edith wasn't always Edith either. Years ago Edith too was engaged. But when Mildred died she said it was her duty to stay with me. The fact was that she didn't love the young man enough to take a chance on marriage. As the years passed she blamed me for her

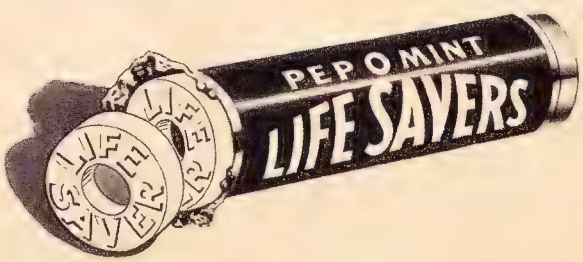


If she acts "all bored" like this . . .

When you'd rather be "all aboard" like this . . .

TRY THIS

MORAL: *Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath — after eating, drinking, and smoking.*



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frustrated love affair. She took it out on me, not overtly, but by gentle and loving nagging."

She looked at him, stubborn and mute.

"I'll have to give you a direct order, Polly. Leave this house."

"You might at least keep your voice down. The maids . . ."

He saw that she had no intention of going. "I'm sorry," he said, and struck her on the cheek with the flat of his hand.

With a sudden whimper she turned and ran out of the room.

The two men stood in silence. They heard the front door slam shut, a car engine racing.

"I'm sorry," Andrew repeated. "I—I don't really believe in violence. You want to see Edith, of course."

EDITH lay on the bed. Sands saw that one of her fingers had a smudge of ink on it. His eyes strayed to the night table beside the bed.

At the base of the lamp on it lay a fountain pen with the top jammed carelessly on.

"Why?" he said aloud. Why go to all the trouble of marking the diary and seeing that it got in neutral and therefore safe hands?

"Why kill herself?" Andrew said, quietly. "Because she'd written a letter. When I came upstairs last night

she was in my room trying to find it. It was in the bundle of Lucille's clothes that came from the hospital. She was afraid that I might read it and find out that she had driven Lucille to suicide. Here it is. I read it last night."

Sands read the agitated scrawl:

"Whoever did anything to you, Lucille, it wasn't me, Lucille, it was not me!" The words rang clear and true in Sands' mind.

He turned suddenly and walked to the door. When he passed Andrew he saw Andrew's eyes on his coat pocket.

"Do you carry a gun?" Andrew said.

"No."

"What's that?"

"A book. Excuse me, I have to phone in a report."

Sands was gone for ten minutes.

When he came back, Andrew was waiting for him. He led Sands into his study.

"That book in your pocket," he said. "That's my wife's diary, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I gave it to Edith last night to read."

"Why?"

"She found it in my room when she came to look for her letter. I thought it was the natural thing to do, to let her read it."

"Natural," Sands repeated. "Everything's been pretty natural all down the line, hasn't it? Everything has more or less just happened."

"I'm glad you see that. The only really unnatural thing is where you got my wife's diary."

"Your sister wrapped it in a paper bag and mailed it to Janet Green last night," Sands said, and he added, "She was at the funeral yesterday. Cora Green's sister."

"Oh, yes. The little old woman who ate the grapes." Andrew flung a quick uncertain glance at him. "I didn't imagine Edith would do anything so preposterous as sending the diary to Janet Green."

"I think you were making one of your experiments. When you first read the diary it threw you completely. You wanted to see what it would do to Edith."

"When I first read the diary?" Andrew repeated. "Why, I've had it for years, as I told Edith."

"But once she'd read it she didn't believe you. Any more than I do. I think you found the diary two weeks ago last Sunday. You couldn't have had it all this time without knowing that Lucille had killed your first wife. And knowing that, you could never have lived with her for fifteen years. It is humanly impossible."

"Humanly impossible," Andrew repeated. "Practically nothing is that. A man can endure anything if he believes in ultimate justice, if he believes that the wicked shall be punished and the good shall be rewarded. Revenge and reward." He leaned forward. "Think of it! Somewhere, dangling in space, justice, great impartial justice built like a monstrous man straddling the universe. A big fellow, a kind fellow, but still like us."

"Don't be boyish." Sands glanced at his watch. "My friends will be here in five minutes. And then," he said carefully, "I will try to prove that you are a murderer."

"You have no proof?"

"Circumstantial evidence only. Quite a bit of it in Greeley's case. You had the means of committing the murder and you were around at the crucial time. Circumstantial evidence only," he repeated. "Perhaps we'll have to wait for that big fellow straddling the universe to get you."

"I'm not afraid of him."

"What?" Sands said in an exaggerated drawl. "And him so big and full of vitamins?"

"You are making me out a fool and a villain. I am an ordinary man, and if out-of-the-ordinary things occurred to me, they occurred naturally. I was not looking for that diary when I found it, I had forgotten there was such a thing. I was looking for my scarf. It was not in the cedar closet where Lucille said it was. I looked in my own room and then in hers. The diary was in one of her bureau drawers." He stopped, sucking in his breath. "Think of it! She murdered my wife. And all these years she's kept the evidence, casually, in a bureau drawer."

"It may not have been there all the time," Sands said. "Perhaps she'd hidden it well, and came across it and wanted to read it again."

"I believe you're right. She'd been thinking of Mildred that day, Sunday. I found the sketches she made of Mildred. She had burned out the eyes with a cigarette." He shook his head. "The systematic illogic of women. They can live, almost happily, with a man they hate, and harry a man they love to death."

"Like yourself?"

"Yes. All my life, for the sake of peace, I've hired myself out to managers—my mother, Edith, Lucille. A man has no refuge at all from the voices of the women who love him and are doing everything 'for his own good.'"

HE was no longer angry. He even seemed bored, as if he was now reciting a piece of memory work.

"I killed Edith," he said. "I killed her because she started to nag at me. I hadn't planned it. But suddenly there she was, wanting to be put to sleep. It was so simple, so predestined. I went in after she was dead, to find the diary and destroy it. But it wasn't there. I didn't worry about it, however."

"You should. It might help to hang you."

"No, it won't. This talk is confidential between the two of us. And your friends will find morphine in Edith's glass, and I will supply the letter she wrote to Lucille."

"Edith was the only one who couldn't possibly have sent the amputated finger to Lucille."

"You can't fool me like that," Andrew said. "You will have to bring me to trial one case at a time. You can't try to prove that perhaps I killed Greeley, and perhaps

It goes further...
TRUCK DRIVER: "Oil's still right up, eh Bill? That's really something, because this old crate's made two round trips this week, and not very slow either!"
B-A MAN: "Yep, it sure stands up! All my customers are telling me the same thing. With the new Peerless they add less oil between changes! Guess that's the best proof of how it does a better job protecting your engine against heat and wear?"
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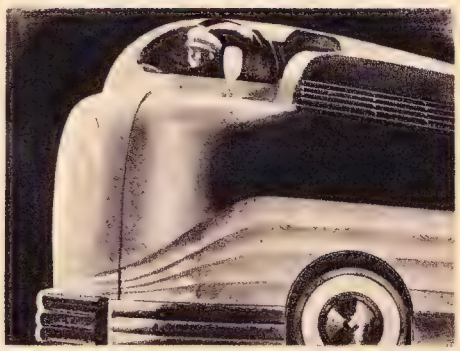


MODERN MIRACLES of craftsmanship, vehicles such as this are made possible by the skillful use of modern metal alloys. Similarly B-A chemists have made possible, by adding an "Alloy" to Peerless, a lubricating oil of premium quality to meet modern requirements of high output engines.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED

I killed Edith, and have the two perhapses make a certainty. Why do you want me to hang, anyway?"

"It's my job," Sands said wryly. "And I think you might do it again."

"That's ridiculous," Andrew said. "I have no reason to kill anyone else."

"Perhaps you had no reason to kill Greeley?"

"He was interfering, getting in my way. I hadn't planned on killing him or anyone else. I hadn't really planned anything. I was pretty dazed after reading the diary, I hardly remember driving out to meet Giles. All I could think of was Lucille's two faces—the one she showed to me and the one I saw in Mildred's diary. I thought I would keep quiet until after Polly was married, and then I would confront Lucille with the diary. But what then? Would she confess? Would she lie? Would she even try to kill me, perhaps, to save herself? Then we came upon the train wreck and the situation solved itself. When I picked up the amputated finger, I knew how I could test Lucille.

"I HAD to know whether she was guilty. I didn't foresee the actual results—it wasn't even her own guilt that drove her crazy, it was the knowledge that someone else knew of her guilt, that someone had tracked her down. She, who had lived a placid, happy life for sixteen years, now found herself a criminal." He paused. "When she opened the box, she screamed, and then she must have run to the bureau drawer to find the diary. When she—saw it was gone, she knew one of us must have taken it.

"I thought of sending the finger through the mail, but then I saw this shabby-looking little man standing beside a newsstand. I asked him if he'd deliver a parcel for two dollars and he said he would."

"You could have saved yourself trouble by lowering it to fifty cents," Sands said. "A parcel worth a two-dollar delivery is worth opening. What interested Greeley was the smell of money, and he got a big whiff when he opened that parcel. He delivered it, all right. Then he waited around to see what would happen. He followed Lucille down to Sunnyside and waited outside while she was in the beauty parlor. When she came out he confronted her. She gave him a fifty-dollar bill to keep him quiet. She took a room at the Lakeside Hotel, and when he was pretty sure she was going to stay there for a while he went out and had what for Greeley was a big evening.

"Lucille must have promised him more money, for he told the girl he was with that he had a date, and then he returned to the Lakeside. He got there about the same time as Inspector Bascombe and I did. He probably recognized us right away. He didn't know what we were there for. He hung around the alley for a while, and then you came along. He recognized you immediately."

"It was a shock," Andrew said, "to meet him again. I'd almost forgotten about him. Then I saw what I should have seen the preceding afternoon if I hadn't been intent on my plan—he was a morphine addict. I was carrying my instrument bag in case I'd have to give Lucille a sedative, and he saw I was a doctor.

"A doctor means only one thing to an addict—a chance for more dope. The first thing the man said was, 'A sawbones, eh?' He seemed to be burning up with triumph. 'Some parcel,' he said. 'Where's the rest of the guy?' I didn't answer him. Then he asked me for some morphine. 'I haven't got any extra,' I told him. 'Just a quarter grain, not enough for you.'

"He said, 'What do you know about me? That'll do—for now.' He led me around to the alley. It was dark and intensely cold. I put my bag on the ground and opened it. Greeley lit a match and cupped it in his hands. I could tell you it was then that I decided to kill him, but I couldn't tell you why. There was no one reason. I prepared the syringe and told him to take off his coat. He said, 'What the hell, nothing fancy for me,' and shoved out his arm. The whole incident didn't take ten minutes."

The ringing of the doorbell interrupted Andrew.

"Your friends are here," he said politely.

HEALTHY, GOOD-LOOKING HAIR
is So Attractive
Keep Hair lovely — lustrous . . .
Scalp healthy with this
famous MEDICINAL treatment
You can't hide poor-conditioned hair however you dress it. Dandruff and itching scalp are nature's warnings—don't ignore them. Restore hair to its good-looking best — keep scalp healthy — with GLOVER'S.
GLOVER'S has nothing in common with ordinary hair preparations. It's an out-and-out, effective MEDICINAL treatment to keep hair naturally lovely; scalp healthy. It clears out dandruff, relieves itching scalp, helps check excessive falling hair.
At the first trial you'll feel its enjoyable, exhilarating effects — as bracing as the hygienic, piney odor of the vegetable oils it contains. GLOVER'S goes to work at once.
Shampoo afterwards with GLOVER'S Medicated Soap. You'll delight in the cleanliness, the improved tone and lustre of your hair. Start the GLOVER treatment today . . . and watch results.
At all Drug Stores:
Glover's Mange Medicine — $1.10 and 59¢
Glover's Medicated Soap — 30¢
3 45
GLOVER'S
SARCOPTIC
MANGE
MEDICINE
AN EFFECTIVE
HAIR
APPLICATION
For Lovely Hair-Healthy Scalp-Use
GLOVER'S

WHILE the policemen were there, Andrew remained in his study with the door shut. Only by straining his ears could he hear them moving about.

What are they doing up there?

Nothing. Don't listen.

What have I overlooked? Nothing.

Poor Edith, how like Greeley she'd acted after all, both so greedy for a little death and so surprised at getting the real thing.

He became aware, finally, that the noises overhead had ceased. The house was empty. Only the maids were left, and they must go too. He had to be alone, to think. He rose painfully. His legs were cramped, he had been sitting too tensely. He must learn not to look back or look ahead.

He found the maids in the kitchen.

"I'll give you both a month's wages," he said quietly. "You may leave at once. I'll make out your checks."

Within half an hour they were going down the street, their purses tight beneath their arms.

Andrew stood at the door, watching, long after they were out of sight. They were gone, the last remnants of the old life, and now he must begin a new one. But he felt curiously tired, reluctant to move from the door.

He heard someone coming down the stairs behind him. He turned slowly, knowing it was Sands.

"I thought you were gone." He had to drag the words out of his mouth.

"I'm leaving in a minute. Everyone else has gone. You'll be alone."

Alone. The word struck his ears with a thud.

"That's what you wanted," Sands said. "Well, now you have it. You'll be alone. And you'll be lonely."

Andrew closed his eyes. "No—no . . ." he said, his voice faint and suffocated. "I'm not—not afraid of being alone."

"You're afraid of the big fellow. You don't want justice any more, you want mercy. But it's too late now. You already have what you wanted. Don't you recognize it? This is *it*, Morrow."

"Is this it?" He heard in his own voice the wailing of a lost man.

"The role of avenger is not for a little man like you. You dispensed justice to Lucille, now you must await it. You even asked the police to help you hunt her down. You couldn't wait, could you?"

"I'm sorry . . ."

"Too late, it's all over. You're like Lucille, after all. You have nothing left to live for."

Andrew was propped up against the wall like a dummy waiting for someone to come along and move it into a new position.

Sands buttoned his overcoat. "I've got to leave now."

"I am afraid," Andrew said, but the door had already opened and closed, softly, and he knew he must die alone.

THE END

Coming Next Week---

BLACK BOY

By Richard Wright

This dynamic story of a Negro's boyhood—a Book of the Month Club selection—is one of the outstanding national best sellers of the year, and has won wide critical acclaim.

Part One in

November 24 Liberty

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

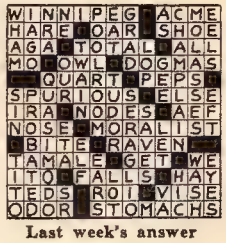
By Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

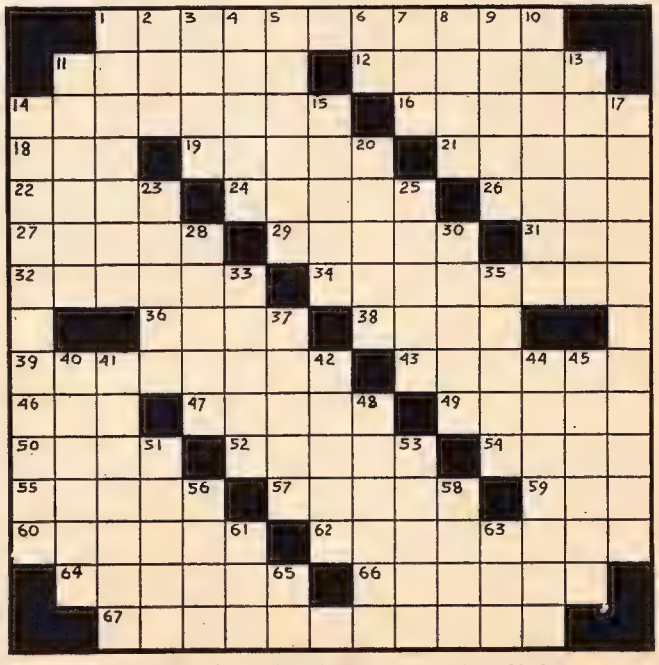
1 Some of the biggest lies on the radio
11 What every ambitious woman wants, and will settle for a man with one
12 He's been hung for years in France
14 Their wives are angels
16 Glass-house wreckers
18 Apples Penalize Doctors (abbr.)
19 Mare's nest
21 What the new tanned hides will do on the young folks this season
22 Kind of shape preferred by the U. S. Navy
24 Get into another man's business
26 Glamor hammer
27 Shoe elevators and mother beaters
29 What little boys want to grow up and play with
31 Air this in a backward manner
32 Diss iss der phoniest t'ing in Chermany
34 This is urbane; you like it
36 Nix to you, Kraut!
38 Liberty cartoonist
39 He gets all knotted up in his business
43 Kind of toothsome work
46 Own Any Nylons? (abbr.)
47 Collector's item, sounds warlike
49 America's Pay-ground
50 Thith ith a thweet-puththed thing
52 Bum's chateau
54 Quite a Ladd, this fellow!
55 So long to Franco (we hope!)
57 Famous last word
59 Easy with a Zee
60 Woo pitcher
62 Tea deleafer
64 Wildest things in the West
66 Greets (anag.)
67 What Hiroshima was turned into

VERTICAL

1 Club porters
2 Spanish gold
3 Makes catty remarks
4 Racial gatherings
5 A sixty-year-old boy
6 Cockeyed Romeos (abbr.)
7 Intertwined Eye Straighteners (abbr.)
8 They live in the underworld
9 They go woof! and warp things up
10 Crosby with his blood drained off
11 ρ
13 Reprecipitate Angoras and Scotties
14 Member of the scrub team
15 Seagoing jaloppy (crafty, eh?)
17 Flying Pullman: upper with wings
20 Sits on the spine end with the mental sox off
23 Architectural reading matter for the home (pl.)
25 Press your suit in court
28 Backward or forward it leaves things just as they were
30 Here's where they toasted many an old woman, and did it burn her up!
33 A funny colleague of Joe Doakes
35 Borscht-fed glamor girl
37 Fiddling fool (pl.)
40 Laid eggs at 40,000 feet
41 Makes with the eyes and the hips (fem.)
42 Makes a fool of oneself
44 Biblical moolah (pl.)
45 Causes the eyes to pop and the tongue to dangle
48 Mardi Gras rose flinger
51 The same old baloney
53 Where noted criminals like to stay at
56 Ices in reverse
58 Rapid rodent
61 Mr. Butler's given name misspelled
63 Idiotic Eggheaded Nazis (abbr.)
65 Aw, shut up!



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

FREEZE-OUT

Continued from Page 20

cold-hazed sky, the four black cups of a wind meter. He scrambled to his feet and raced toward it, almost hysterical with joy. A weather station. Companions for the winter. Probably even a wireless and a chance for early rescue by dog sled.

The cups spun idly in the breeze. Webb stood beside the meter, panting from the run and excitement. A thin wire, running over the lip of the cliff, must lead straight to the station. He turned to follow it, but, half glimpsing the name plate on the meter, turned back. The plate was a half-inch band of black iron bent around the metal stem of the machine. The model was unfamiliar, and Webb bent to read the manufacturer's name. Panic squeezed his stomach. The lettering was in Japanese.

SUDDENLY the pieces of the puzzle fitted together and Webb could see the whole unpleasant picture. The Japs had set up an illegal observatory on this Russian island. They had kidnaped the Eskimos from the village so there would be no one to report them. One of the natives knew a little English, the language most spoken by whalers and fur traders, and wrote a note on the door.

Somehow the Japs had missed Webb's cave and the men in it. Probably it was just an emergency cave that hunters used when caught far from the village. When the hunting party was found after the boat had gone, the Japs disposed of the Eskimos. The bodies were left on the beach.

That might not be the exact story, but Webb knew it was close enough. "Brother, things were never so bad. If you don't get them, they'll get you. And they have a tommy gun against your spear."

To turn back would be useless. He could not hope to hunt the island half a year without running into the Japs. Better to strike now while he had the advantage of surprise.

Webb worked his way inland along the ridge until he could see back along its base. Through the twilight he saw the boarded doors of two caves near the foot of the cliff. A path, railed by a drooping strand of cable, connected them. From a pipe in the front of the right door, smoke flumed. The pipe by the other door was dead.

As Webb watched, a small man in a short parka came from the right-hand cave. He went into the other and soon smoke came from its pipe. Then the little man left, and soon the smoke stopped.

The left cave must house a generator for a wireless. It would operate only at intervals. The other cave would be quarters and the observatory.

He estimated that there would not be more than three Japs at the station, perhaps only two. A weather station requires little personnel, and the fact they had felt it necessary to kill the Eskimos indicated they were outnumbered.

IN the dusk, Webb approached the caves. There was no cover, and with the cold deepening along with the twilight, he did not risk crawling over the icy rocks. He walked slowly, his eyes on the door. He reached the path.

A wooden lever slanted across the left door. He raised the lever slowly, but it groaned like a banshee. He pushed on the door. It did not give. He threw his hip against it. The door swung in, creaking. The interior of the cave was dark.

Webb slipped in, shut the door, and paused, listening. He could hear nothing but the pounding of his heart and his breathing, hoarse inside the mask. He pulled out his flashlight and, holding it in his left hand, well away from his body, played it about the cave.

Boxes lined the low walls. On the far side of the room a generator stood, silent. Beside it was a huge drum of oil.

The wooden bolt squeaked in the door.

Webb clicked off his light. He backed against the wall, his hand tight on the leather thongs of the spear. The door swung open beside him and a shaft of light fell across the room. The Jap entered, bulky in his parka. The parka hood was back and Webb noticed the straight black hair and the glasses. A heavy revolver bobbled at his hip. The Jap bent over the generator switch. Webb stepped toward him and raised the spear.

The handle grated on the stone wall. The Jap spun, his hand darting for the gun.

As he threw, Webb thought of the Eskimos on the beach. The iron point struck above the heart. The gun clattered on the stone floor as the Jap pitched forward, surprise contorting his dead face.

Webb shuddered and bit back his nausea. He picked up the revolver and threw it open to make certain that it was loaded. The chamber was full.

As he looked at the gun, an explosion rocked the cave. Then another, and another, and another. Webb rushed out, unthinking. The high tide had come. The great smooth sheet of new sea ice was heaving and buckling.

Shaken by the violence of the upheaval, Webb reeled back against the cliff. The door beside him swung open, and two Japs rushed out. They were lightly dressed in dirty naval uniforms, and they looked sleepy. For a moment Webb and the Japs stared at each other while the Arctic Ocean exploded beside them. Then one of the men rushed. Automatically, by reflex, Webb raised the pistol and fired. The charging Jap fell at his feet. His companion

—easy to get rid of pimples, roughness, dry skin, this Medicated Way!

• Don't let blemished, bad-looking skin rob *you* of popularity and romance! Take a tip from nurses and thousands of other modern women. Use greaseless, *medicated* Noxzema as a night cream and long-lasting protective powder base. See how soon your skin grows softer, clearer, really *romantic*-looking. For Noxzema is more than merely a "beauty" cream. It is a *medicated formula!* Get your jar of Noxzema *today!* 17¢, 39¢, 59¢ at drug and dept. stores.

NOXZEMA

ducked for the door and, before Webb could fire again, slammed it shut. Hysterically Webb pumped shots into the wooden barricade. Not until the hammer clicked on the empty chamber did he realize his mistake.

He bent over the man he had shot. No gun. He rushed back to the generator room and quickly examined the first Jap. No ammunition. He picked up the spear and ran back outside.

The door was still shut.

"Easy," he panted. "Easy. He doesn't know you haven't anything left. He can't even be sure you're alone." The thought calmed him.

The Jap would probably try to wait him out. Webb grinned ruefully. The little fellow was in a lot better position to play freeze-out: he had food and a stove. He looked up at the pipe, and his grin broadened. A stove. That would do the trick.

Calmly he walked back to the generator room, and reached into one of the wooden boxes. He pulled out a can labeled with a jumping salmon. Good. He drove the spear into the top of the can and worked it around the edge until he could bend back the lid.

The pipe was about eight feet from the ground and Webb had to climb. The face of the cliff was smooth, but at last he made it. He pulled the can from his pocket and rammed it over the pipe. It froze quickly.

Dropping back to the path, Webb examined the door. A small ventilation slit had been shut from the inside. He opened a can of pilchard and plugged the outside with frozen sardine. Then he settled down to the death watch.

DURING his vigil he made several useful discoveries. He followed a wire and found the antenna. In the generator hut he discovered a hatchet. When the sky grew light, around noon, he started the generator and, taking the hatchet, returned to the door.

The door was thick and the hatchet small. The work was nerve-racking. He could not be sure but that at any moment a bullet would crash through the weakening wood. But in two hours he broke through.

The tommy gun was trained on the door. The Jap lay behind it, cheek against the clumsy stock. He was dead.

The fumes from the smothered stove still filled the room. Even after an hour with the door open they were strong enough to give Webb a headache as he crossed to the wireless. He turned the transmitting coils to five hundred kilocycles, the emergency band, and sat down in the little low-backed chair. His dispatch case, with the remaining copy of his report, pressed into his back as he started to tap the telegraph key.

"Things," said Webb, "could be worse."

THE END

"Breaking more dishes than hearts, Honey?"

GIRL: Don't know, Cupid. Just seems like some girls are pretty and some girls are dishwashers.

CUPID: Could be, Honey. But you wouldn't be on permanent K.P. around here if you'd smile a little. Sparkle at these boys, Sugar! Go gleam at 'em!

GIRL: Sparkle? Cupid, Baby, with my dull teeth I don't even dare grin! I brush 'em regular as anything, but—no sparkle!

CUPID: Oh? Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

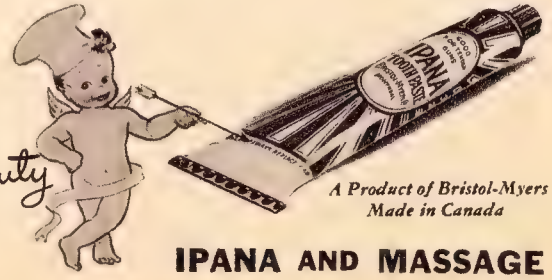
GIRL: Yes. But what's "pink" on my tooth brush go to do with my smile?

CUPID: Do? Baby, only a mental midget ignores that tinge of "pink." It's a warning to see your dentist! Because he may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: I still want to know, "what's that got to do with my smile?"

CUPID: Please, Pet! When you massage a little extra Ipana on your gums after you brush your teeth, you're helping your gums to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth. A smile with more sparkle! Get it? Now get started on Ipana and massage for a smile that'll help keep you out of the kitchen!

For the Smile of Beauty



A Product of Bristol-Myers Made in Canada

IPANA AND MASSAGE

RECIPE

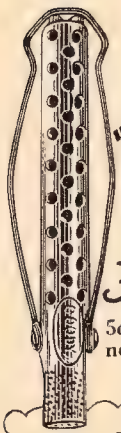
FOR A CLEVER FLATTERING HAIR-DO

Style-wise women use this clever trick to keep their hair always smartly groomed! Yes—you'll find you can create at home any of the season's glamorous hair styles—easily, quickly, economically—with "Goody" Curlers. Just follow "Goody's" 3 Simple Steps and charming, professional-looking hair-dos are yours.

Pick up a card or two of "Goody" Curlers next time you're shopping—and keep your hair always smart and attractive with these first aids to home hair beauty.

3 Simple Steps TO A SMART HOME HAIR-DO

1. Dampen and comb hair smooth.
2. Unlock curler, clamp ends of hair and roll up or under tightly to head. Lock Curler.
3. Let hair dry. Unlock curler and carefully slide out of curl. Use as many curlers as you desire, and arrange hair in the style that suits you best.



"Goody" ALUMINUM Hair Curlers

5c ea. at 5c & 10c stores and notion counters everywhere

ASK TO SEE the new "Goody" GRIP TOOTH Comb—acclaimed by hair stylists and well-groomed women everywhere as the comb that never lets your hair down. Special tooth design grips hair securely—keeps combs in place. Essential for smart, new, roll and upswept styles.

DEAR SIR: ABOUT THAT JOB—

Continued from Page 7

about selling behind the counter of my father's drugstore, I learned something about salesmanship from the Fuller brush people. I have had two years at college—Northwestern University—and during two summer vacations I sold brushes house-to-house for the Fuller Company. I also attended their night classes in salesmanship, and they taught me a lot.

I am just back from the war, where I served two years in the Marines as a second lieutenant. I am anxious to get back into business, and would very much like to get into the wholesale end of it in the drug field. In other words, I want a job as a traveling salesman for your company.

I am single; five feet nine inches tall; of Scotch-Irish descent; a Methodist; strong, healthy, and full of drive, and ambitious to get ahead. I'll live and travel anywhere.

Will you please grant me an opportunity for an interview with you?

YOUR letter, except in special circumstances, should include all of the following "must" items of information:

State your age—exactly. Don't say "I am thirtyish" or "past forty."

Be exact about your nationality and ancestry.

Be definite about your education, both general and specialized. For example, like this: "My education is as follows: Three years of high school, two years of night study of bookkeeping at the Y.M.C.A. here in the city, and two years' special experience in the army as a bookkeeper."

Your status as a single or married man (or woman) should be mentioned.

Be definite about the nature and extent of your experience, if any, at the kind of work required in the job you are seeking. If you haven't had any actual experience that fits the job precisely, possibly you have had some related experience that possibly would be helpful; if so, describe it.

You should give character references: three, minimum. If possible, give the names of responsible and well-known persons.

Give without fail the name or names of your previous employers, if any, and include the names and titles of the persons who were your immediate superiors.

State your hobbies and special interests if you think they might strengthen your case. Perhaps, for example, you have been studying Spanish or French and are fairly adept at it; or possibly you are very expert with the camera. Sometimes a special "plus" of this kind is helpful.

"MY Don Juan Lipstick STAYS ON!"

Says **Anita Ellis**
FAMOUS RADIO SINGER ON THE MUTUAL NETWORK

"Color, charm, glamour, that's my Don Juan Lipstick. I find Don Juan not drying or smeary."

4 beauty extras:

See what they do for your lips

1 • **DON JUAN STAYS ON** when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed. No greasy, smeary effect.

2 • **LIPS STAY LOVELY** without frequent retouching. Try today.

3 • **NOT DRYING or SMEARY.** Imparts appealing "glamour" look. Creamy smooth—easily applied.

4 • **NEW Style SHADES...** Try medium Red, a rich, true red, flattering, youthful looking, or Raspberry, darker, so delighting and alluring. Other shades, too.

Matching powder, rouge & cake make-up —for beauty's sake. In Canada also.

Don Juan MILLION DOLLAR Lipstick STAYS ON!

LIPS LOOK LOVELY

SUCRETS act like a gargle! These *different* throat lozenges contain hexylresorcinol, a unique analgesic (pain-reliever). *Act fast* to ease irritated throat surfaces. Germicidal, too.

Candy-pleasant flavor. Each lozenge separately wrapped. At your druggist!

'SUCRETS'

ANTISEPTIC THROAT LOZENGES

Just as important as the musts are the "don'ts"—mannerisms and affectations that are likely to give offense.

Looking over a big batch of the letters I have received, I find a lot of things I don't like.

Employers don't like insincere flattery, attempts to "butter them up" with such obvious blandishment as this:

"Dear Sir: I have been told you are the smartest business man in the city," etc. Absurd!

They don't like smart-aleck letters in which the writer tries to show off his cleverness. Here's the opening sentence of a letter I received two or three years ago: "In a discussion of my career over a cocktail the other day with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, the suggestion was made that I write to you, etc." Nonsense!

They don't like big jaw-breaking words and stilted, imposing language, used to display the erudition of the writer.

A letter I threw in the wastebasket began like this: "Dear Sir: One of the fundamental verities, as incontrovertible as the Einstein law of relativity when the proposition is formulated and expressed with terminological exactitude, is that industry," etc. Ridiculous!

They don't like slang. (It has its place, but not in a letter of application.) For example: "I'll tell the world," "Believe you me," "I've got what it takes," "I've got the goods," "I'm not talking through my hat," and so on. Childish!

They don't like cockiness, overconfidence, boastfulness. For example: "Dear Sir: If you are looking for the best traffic man in the entire city, bar none, a man who can step in and revolutionize," etc. Antagonizing!

They don't like silliness—letters written in jingles, for instance. Here is the opening stanza of an actual letter that came to my desk:

"I always open the wrong half."
LIBERTY

SIMPLE EXERCISES SHOULD BE A PART OF BABY'S DAILY ROUTINE

By Meredith Moulton Redhead, Ph. B.
Baby Food Counselor of Heinz Home Institute

BABIES grow weary of lying in one or two positions all day long, and their little muscles need exercise for proper development and co-ordination. So pediatricians advise simple exercises like these just before bathing: Take baby's hands in yours, slowly swing his arms down to his sides, up over his head and back to their normal position. Then take his feet in your hands and push his legs back to his body in a slow, rotating, bicycle motion. You'll find these exercises—if given gently—are a pleasant part of baby's routine.

Mealtime, too, can be a welcome interlude when you give your youngster foods he really enjoys. Heinz Baby Foods are famed for their fine, natural flavours — their rich, inviting colours. Babies take to them—and mothers know they can depend on foods labeled Heinz, a 76-year-old mark of quality.

57

Heinz BABY FOODS

An apple a day, my Eye!

One apple proved the law of gravity. Too many apples and one very small boy prove another law of Nature—too much of a good thing can be just too bad! Be gentle with such upsets . . . take soothing PEPTO-BESMAL!

Never Upset an Upset Stomach! *Don't irritate* an irritated stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics!

Take Soothing PEPTO-BESMAL! This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Get a bottle today! *Recommended for children as well as adults.*

Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at his fountain.

Unguentine* Makers of Norwich

PEPTO-BESMAL
FOR UpSET STOMACH

Are you looking for a smart young man
Who never says 'I can't,' but 'I can'?
No task is too hard for this brilliant bard;
His name, sir, is John Henderson Lann!

They don't like verbosity—long-windedness.

They don't like letters that go into the personal problems and frustrations of the applicant (*i.e.*, my wife is sick; she is expecting another baby soon; I have had hard luck all of my life; I was unfairly treated on my last job; I have never been able to afford the right kind of education; and so on). Business is business!

They don't like bad grammar. On the other hand, they don't like stiff, formal, pedantic English. Write easily and naturally, and at all costs avoid making glaring mistakes. This is important.

They don't like servility, letters written in a humble, cringing tone. Be courteous and show that you respect the knowledge and authority of the man to whom you are writing; but don't, whatever you do, indulge in any form of self-abasement.

THIS advice is probably not necessary, but just to be sure: Your letter must be neat and clean, typed if possible. Every word must be spelled correctly, punctuation and grammar must be acceptable. I have seen the effect of many otherwise good letters spoiled by two or three mistakes in spelling, several carelessly erased errors in typing, soiled paper, ink splotches, and the like. This sort of thing is on a par with the man who asks for a job in person with mussed hair, dandruff on his coat, a necktie all awry, and his fingernails rimmed in black.

To write a good letter asking for a job you would very much like to have may easily be the most important thing you have done in your life up to now.

THE END

"Well, you needn't bite my head off!"
LIBERTY

Also for Chronic Bronchitis

● Don't choke, wheeze, gasp helplessly with asthma spasms. Don't cough, cough, cough with chronic bronchitis. Take EPHAZONE—and find relief in 10 minutes! Yes. It's that swift! EPHAZONE proved its high merit in England's damper climate. It is widely used in English institutions. Try it. Get EPHAZONE—*Now*—from your druggist—$1.50, $2.50 and $7.50.

FREE SAMPLE

Send 10c to cover packing and mailing free sample and booklet, to Harold F. Ritchie & Co. Ltd., Dept. (263), 10 McCaul St., Toronto.

EPHAZONE
'IT ACTS QUICKLY' BRITISH MADE

DO NOT CASH YOUR WAR BONDS and CERTIFICATES

NAUSEA due to motion upsetting the organs of balance, relieved with MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
For Land and Sea travel. Satisfactory results, or money refunded.
THE WORLD OVER

The SHAW way TO A BUSINESS CAREER

Position - Salary - Success

Your Future depends on you! Canada, right now, needs trained young men and women to take important and well-paid places in business and government service.

Why don't you plan now to enrol in one of the Special Shaw Courses by Correspondence, enabling you to study at home.

Here are a few of the SHAW Courses:

Shorthand	Banking
Typewriting	General Accountant (C.G.A.)
Secretarial	Stationary Engineering
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Write for Catalogue, Shaw Schools, Dept. L-54
HEAD OFFICE: Bay & Charles Sts., Toronto
Montreal Branch Office, Sun Life Bldg., Room 1656

SHAW SCHOOLS

MAKING FRIENDS WITH MOSCOW

Continued from Page 11

When things get dull, Ehrenburg falls back upon an aged Englishwoman known only as Lady Gibb, whose antecedents are quite unknown to the British colony in Moscow. She once wrote to Ehrenburg chiding him from Scripture that peace could not be cultivated simply by revenge. Ehrenburg's reply was a scathing article in Red Star, the Army newspaper, which also brought letters from Soviet Army men. Ehrenburg saves these letters, and when things get particularly dull, he will find a suitable news angle, trot out a letter from a soldier, and have another rousing assault on Lady Gibb. So far as we knew, after her first letter, Lady Gibb took her cudgelings in silence. In fact she became quite a heroine to the unofficial Society of Fascist Beasts.

The rough-and-tumble expert, Zaslavsky, is a master of sheer invective—a completely unbridled Westbrook Pegler. He once described the symphonies of Shostakovich as a "series of meaningless grunts, squeals, and whistles," and on another occasion, was read out of the Communist Party for some misdirected shaft. Zaslavsky led the attack on William L. White's Report on the Russians, and called White a "chewer of the old Fascist cud" and "masticator of sweepings from the Fascist kitchen."

Once the line has been set with the attack in Pravda or War and the Working Class, the campaign is often transferred to certain publications in the United States who lend assistance consciously and otherwise. This is usually handled through the American-Soviet Friendship, Inc., whose membership includes many people who sincerely feel that good relations can best be cultivated by ignoring disputes and differences.

BUT the methods of American-Soviet Friendship, Inc., can hardly be credited with the same sincerity. A director of the organization, Edwin S. Smith, has on occasion sought to bring pressure on American correspondents in Moscow to support his viewpoint.

After the War and the Working Class published Zaslavsky's article on the William L. White affair, Mr. Smith wired to the Anglo-American Correspondents Association in Moscow saying that a group of former Moscow correspondents had drawn up a protest in New York and had "requested assistance" in getting the present Moscow correspondents to join. Smith emphasized the need for speedy action—this was in late February—because the book was due to appear in New York on March 15.

Aside from the fact that the book had not yet been published and that only four out of sixteen of us had seen the Reader's Digest condensa-

Are you in the know?

A long face loveth a—

- ☐ Scoop neckline
- ☐ Turtleneck
- ☐ Crossed surplice

Be it a blouse, dress, coat—the voice of the turtle is heard in the neckline! It's The Look—the turtleneck. And if yours is a long or oval face, it's swoonderful: high necklines flatter you. Appraise a style for the "plus" it gives you. Likewise, when shopping for sanitary napkins, consider the *plus protection* you get with Kotex—thanks to that *safely centre*. By keeping moisture from the sides of the pad, the special safety centre of Kotex offers extra security. A "bonus" that helps build confidence when it means so much to you.

Which would you use?

- ☐ The guest towels
- ☐ The Turkish towels
- ☐ The end of your slip

Freshening up at a friend's house? Let's pray those dripping little paws will reach for the *guest* towels—not the family's! Even if they look unapproachably lovely, *use* them. Spare yourself needless puzzlement, too, over which sanitary protection to choose on difficult days. Kotex, of course! For it's Kotex that has the *different* kind of softness that doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. You're cushioned-in-comfort for hours, because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*.

Can you be picture-perfect—

- ☐ With a shiny nose
- ☐ Without benefit of bangles
- ☐ In winter pastels

Si, si to all 3. Copy this chick for whom the camera clicks, spurning heavy makeup (a slight shine helps model the face). Forsake all bangles, "posey" clothes. Skip sweaters, slacks. Simple winter pastels photograph best. You can *be* at your *best* even on trying days—with the self-assurance Kotex gives. The *flat tapered* ends of Kotex free you from worrisome "outline" fears, for the flat pressed ends of Kotex don't show—don't cause revealing outlines. You're the picture of poise, with Kotex!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together

★ T.M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.

"PERSONNAlly Speaking" by FRED ALLEN

Star of United Artists hit, "IT'S IN THE BAG"

1—For years I plodded along in radio—eking out a bare $10,000 a week. But Hollywood kept turning me down. "No glamour," they said.

2—A quiz kid wised me up. "Dracula, there's nothing wrong with you that good grooming can't fix," he said. So I got hep. I got Personna!

3—Now I'm a glamour boy *Personna*-fied. Yes, those slick shaves are right up Allen's Alley. And my movie career—"It's in the Bag!"

HERE'S WHY Personna Blades are as sharp as Fred Allen's wit: They're made of *premium steel . . . hollow-ground* for *longer-lasting* keenness . . . *diamond-tested* for extra hardness. Try Personna today!

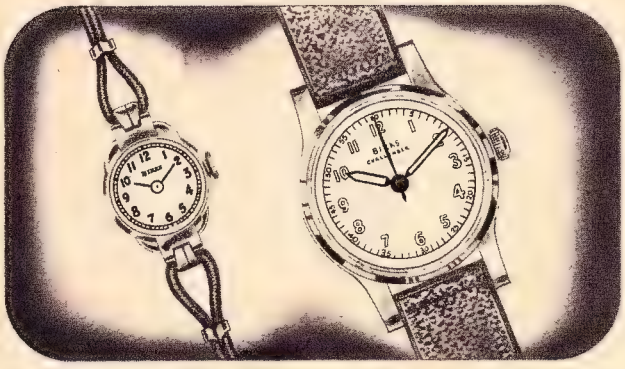
PERSONNA

Precision Blades

10 FOR $1

Challenger

THE WATCH OF "PROTECTED ACCURACY"



You can be sure of accurate time-keeping, because the famous Challenger movement is protected from dust, also from shock, and by special alloys against magnetism.

The wide selection of modern designs includes jewelled and plain cases, in pink, white or natural gold. Seldom does a wrist watch offer so much in styled beauty and practical service.

Birks JEWELLERS

SERVICED IN OUR STORES FROM COAST TO COAST

tion, there was the fact that we could only join the protest or remain silent. Censorship, of course, would prevent the slightest indication in favor of the book. Moreover, the *Narkomindel* had a copy of the telegram from Mr. Smith and could be expected to take reprisal, however devious or long in coming, against any correspondent who refused to sign. Only four out of our number had seen the article on February 26, but seven of our number signed the protest which appeared in America a few days later.

FRANTIC attempts to do independent reporting, whether of a visit to a Moscow factory or kindergarten, became ridiculously funny. Once we nominated a committee to write weekly appeals to Marshal Stalin, Mr. Molotov, and other bureaucrats. We called almost daily on the press department, and we constantly petitioned Mr. Harriman and the British ambassador, Sir Archibald Clark-Kerr, for assistance.

Worried by equally irksome restrictions in their own functions, I think the ambassadors often tried to help us, although one of our diplomats, who became too insistent in his approach to Vice-Commissar A. Y. Vishinsky, was told, "The Soviet Union is at war. We haven't time to worry about those [correspondent] neurotics." The diplomat just as bluntly asked Vishinsky what made neurotics out of Moscow correspondents — was it the ghetto treatment or mental decay to which foreigners are naturally subject?

Soviet censorship cuts both ways. With regard to incoming material, Anglo-American magazines, newspapers, and books are forbidden. However, by dint of terrific pressure the censors did permit America and Britain each to publish and distribute a Russian-language journal limited to 50,000 circulation. The British weekly newspaper, British Ally, although completely innocuous, heavily censored, and always slanted to please Soviet officialdom, became sensationally popular. Careful checking indicated that the 50,000 copies reached at least half a million people within a month, and probably as many more eventually, since in Russia, newspapers are never destroyed. One Russian official offered to trade precious automobile batteries for a copy, and a physician, wanting to get on the subscription list, asked one of the English girl employees of the paper if any of the staff needed babies delivered without charge.

I was told that the director of the Lenin Public Library said the two most popular publications were British Ally and the Soviet War and the Working Class. I tried to mention this in a story, but it was cut out by the censor, who said the library director vehemently denied making the statement.

The OWI followed the British example in a more expensive and less

effective way by attempting to distribute a monthly Russian-language magazine, alternating between a pocket-size reader called Amerika, and the regular picture magazine, Victory. However, only two copies appeared in eight months because OWI was attempting to write in New York, cable to Moscow for censorship, return for printing in New York, and finally fly the magazines into Russia. This involved four translations from English into Russian, to say nothing of expensive cable charges and the irregularity of plane service into Russia.

IN addition to their newspaper, the British quietly tried some unofficial infiltration. On the premises of the newspaper, they set up a library of 2,500 books, which they loaned to Russian employees and anyone who found his way to the upstairs office. The library ran for a year, loaning about 100 books a month, but on January 1, 1945, there came a curt note from the *Narkomindel* telling the British to halt the distribution of subversive material.

The "subversive" material cited by the *Narkomindel* was: World Press Review; The World Turns Left, by Gerald Abrams; Hutchinson's Quarterly Review of the War (apparently mentioning the first Soviet attack on Finland); and a book which the librarian claimed had never been on the shelves — Once a Grand Duke.

It must be admitted that most correspondents do leave Russia in a more or less neurotic state. But that should not obscure the fact that the individual Russian is brave, and essentially friendly toward the foreigner. Neither is the system of suspicion and fear of the outside world a trait inherent in Bolshevism.

But in spite of British and American gestures of friendship toward the Soviet Union, it is most discouraging to find that more and not fewer obstacles have been placed in our way.

No doubt we are too impatient. The late President Roosevelt, I am told, cherished a fifty-year plan devoted to cultivating friendship with Russia. Fifty years is, after all, a brief period in the history of nations.

THE END

FOOD

It's processed, dehydrated
Pasteurized,
Irradiated,
Homogenized,
Evolved by science
As wholesome food
From kelp or cornstalks
Or weeds or wood.
Progress ain't something
One lightly belittles—
But whatever happened
To plain old vittles?

—ETHEL JACOBSON.

CUSTODY OF THE DOG

Continued from Page 13

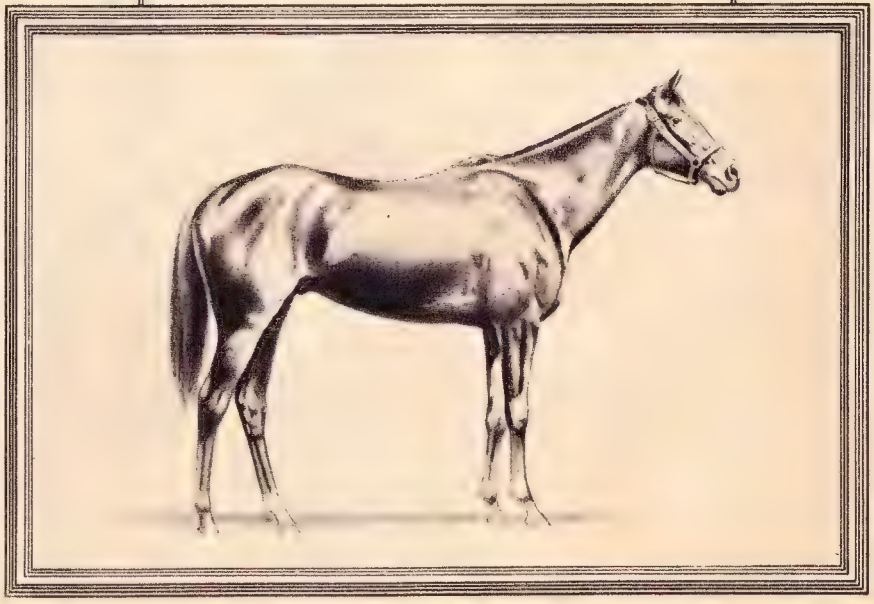
in a dark intelligent face. Although he was not yet thirty, he was an economist of considerable reputation. Big industrialists called on him for consultation and he was frequently answering mysterious summonses from Washington. In all, Jenny told Bones soberly, Henry Parton was a very fine catch and it behooved her to get her eyes as unswollen as possible before his arrival. She spent the half hour with witch hazel and ice cubes.

When Henry arrived, her eyes were under control, with just an extra layer of green eye shadow, which Jeff had always hated. But Jenny felt it combined well with the slim sheathlike black dress from her number one trousseau. She was also trailing a cloud of an exotic perfume called Tiger Tease. Henry kissed her approvingly and deposited packages on the coffee table. They consisted of whisky for the liquor cabinet, an expensive hand-rubbed wooden dumbbell for Mr. Bones, and a pair of even more expensive long white kid gloves for Jenny.

"I'm sorry to be late," he told Jenny. "I'm a half an hour overdue taking Mr. Bones for his walk."

Fame!

"Market Wise" beat "Whirlaway" at even weights in record time for the Jockey Club Gold Cup. He won his last race so lame he could not walk . . . A fighting heart made him famous! Winchester Cigarettes are famous because they combine 'body', taste and mildness contributed by Turkish, Virginia and Burley tobaccos *'blended right'*.



Market Wise

"Market Wise"—by "Brokers Tip" out of "On Watch". Light boned, with soft feet, his gameness brought him past the post ahead of more powerful opponents.

Winchester
CIGARETTES
Blended Right!

Jenny watched Mr. Bones frolicking with his dumbbell. She wished that she could express equal enthusiasm over the whisky and gloves. Although she knew whisky was the thing to drink, she just didn't like the taste of it. And she had not put on evening clothes for two years, and even if she had, she couldn't imagine swathing herself to the armpits in white kid. However, maybe in Washington society . . . She pulled herself together. "Mr. Bones is a spoiled dog," she said. "You mustn't worry about a little thing like half an hour."

But Henry was putting on his hat. "It isn't spoiling a dog to teach him to expect to go out at certain times. It's good discipline."

Certainly, Jenny reflected, Henry brought out the best in Mr. Bones. Bones was sitting up awkwardly, his big Abraham Lincoln face wreathed in smiles, waiting for the lead to be fastened on his collar. Jenny liked to think that it was Mr. Bones' intelligence which made him appreciate Henry. Bones had struck up the acquaintance in the first place, during a snowstorm in Washington Square last Christmas Eve. Although she had been invited to no less than six housewarmings, Jenny was celebrating the occasion solo, out of pique because Jeff was tied up on an assignment. Henry had thrown snowballs for Mr. Bones, and then, because it was Christmas Eve and Jenny had cried a little when she confessed she was alone, had bought hot buttered rum for her at the Brevoort. That had been the beginning. Now, nine months afterward, he had announced bluntly that there was only one solution: she would either divorce Jeff, or he, Henry, would move out of her life. There were no back doors for Henry, no illicit stolen kisses. . . . Jenny remembered suddenly.

"Jeff was here today," she said. "He still insists on the custody of Mr. Bones."

A flicker of impatience crossed Henry's face. "It seems to me we're wasting a lot of time and anguish over a trifle."

"But Mr. Bones isn't a trifle!"

"Of course not, honey. I mean, I think Jeff is trying to hurt you. Do you want me to talk to him?"

"Oh, darling, would you?"

He patted her cheek. "Of course. Remember, Jenny, you aren't alone any more. You have someone to lean on."

The evening, like all nights out with Henry, was perfect. Their restaurant reservation was in proper order and they sat at what Jenny knew was the celebrity table. The wine was chilled exactly according to Henry's instructions. The food, which Henry had ordered during the afternoon, was wonderful. They finished their coffee just in time to walk leisurely to a theater and sit down in tenth-row aisle seats three minutes before the curtain went up. Afterward, Henry estimated, they had just time for one nightcap at Jenny's apartment before Bones' midnight walk.

A block away from her house, when the cab stopped for a light, Jenny could hear the unmistakable howling of Mr. Bones, lion with just a trace of hound. She mentioned nothing to Henry, hoping that some miracle would happen to silence Bones. But even Henry caught on when they drew up at the door. While he paid the cab, Jenny rushed ahead of him to have a short private chat with her dog.

Immediately, when he heard Jenny's key in the door, Mr. Bones stopped howling and, yelping joyously, flung himself on her. "The only way to make him stop," she explained desperately to Henry, "is to take him out."

"It isn't twelve o'clock," Henry shouted. "Give him a whack over the fanny with a newspaper. That will quiet him."

"But it seems so awful. He's welcoming me home. You see, I never used to leave him alone, hardly."

EVENTUALLY Mr. Bones saw Henry's point of view, or tried. At any rate, just as Jenny's voice was beginning to crack from screaming at the dog to keep still, he subsided to his cushion (eighteen dollars from Saks Fifth Avenue, a Christmas present from Jeff last year) and watched Jenny with resentful eyes. She turned her back on him and sipped the highball which Henry had provided.

"Honey," he said, "I hate to push you, but you can't blame me for being impatient. When are you going to Reno?"

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TRADE MARK
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● If your hair won't stay in place . . . if you're bothered with unsightly loose dandruff . . . treat *dry scalp* this simple, effective way with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Just comb in a few drops every morning—or rub it right on the scalp. Massage the scalp vigorously with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic before every shampoo . . . and after the hair dries rub on a few extra drops. So easy and convenient, this simple care supplements the natural scalp oils . . . quickly gives you good-looking hair that stays well-groomed from morn till night.
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It takes just a few drops daily to keep your hair looking its best

Jenny smiled at him. "You aren't pushing me, dear. You are being wonderful and patient. It's just that —none of the business about the divorce really upset me until we came to Mr. Bones. Even if Jeff lets me have him, I don't know what I will do with him while I am gone."

Henry put his hand over hers. "Jenny, I've been thinking about that. I will keep him. The doorman will walk him at noon and I can take care of the rest of the time."

"But he'll be alone all day—"

"I'll fix it so that he doesn't bark the way he did tonight. We couldn't have him bothering people."

Jenny took a long breath. "It isn't —I wasn't thinking about that. Mr. Bones will be lonesome."

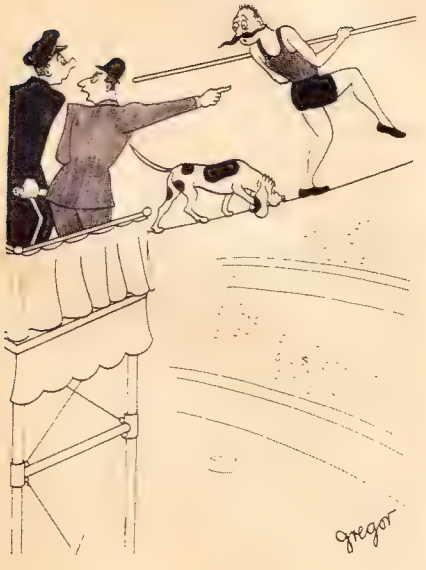
"So will I." Henry's hand tightened convulsively.

"I mean—darling, I suppose we've spoiled Mr. Bones. But when Jeff and I went out, we used to take him with us. He is mad about taxis. And night clubs—we always used to check him with the hat girls. They adored him. About the time Jeff had his third drink, he used to send in an ice-cream soda to Bones. Everybody got an awful kick out of seeing Bones eat it."

She halted suddenly. Henry's hand felt lifeless on hers, and cold. "I'm sorry," she said. "I got to rambling. I suppose it isn't a very funny story."

His face was still stiff, but his voice was jagged. "I suppose I have to get used to the idea that you belonged to another man before I met you. But I don't like to hear about it. He's been hanging around here an awful lot lately." He stood up and strode to the window. Then, abruptly, he wheeled on Jenny. "Does he still kiss you?"

"Pooh," said Jenny, "just on the forehead. He kisses lots of girls on the forehead, all my best friends. I was never jealous."



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PRESS . . . *it's lit;* RELEASE . . . *it's out.* The famous patented one-finger, one-motion Ronson action.

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SIMPLICITY . . . Press—it's lit; Release—it's out! RONSON'S famous patented one-finger, one-motion action. Fully automatic! No smudged fingers! No trick spin! No fumbling with lids!

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SMARTNESS . . . Handsomely styled with quiet dignity.

SAFETY . . . Snuffer cap puts out flame *automatically*, preventing accidental fires.

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RONSON

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

Over 14 million RONSONS have been sold throughout the world

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A *Gift* THAT KEEPS ON GIVING

Carolling of love and friendship Christmas morning and all year through . . . no gayer, grander, worthier gift than a happy little canary. So easy to keep healthy and full of song on a diet of Brock's Bird Seed and Gravel.

For a list of dealers in your locality write

NICHOLSON & BROCK LTD., 125 George St., Toronto

She stopped, realizing that she had said the wrong thing again. But Henry was looking at his watch. "It's ten minutes after twelve," he said, "and I have a big day tomorrow. After we are married, I think we should fix the schedule so we can give Mr. Bones his last walk at ten thirty. Maybe while you are in Reno, I'll shift him."

Jenny slid to her feet. "Bones is very adaptable. If we want to sleep late, all we have to do is walk him late at night. He's very accommodating. When you have a hangover, he tries to have one too."

Henry kissed her. "I hope we won't bother Mr. Bones with many of those. Look, honey, you're yawning. Pop into bed and leave the door on the latch. I'll let Mr. Bones in very quietly so that he won't disturb you."

"That," said Jenny, "is strictly a pipe dream. Ever since I've been —alone—Bones has the idea that he should sleep with me."

"That's the first thing I'm going to break him of." Henry put down his hat and took Jenny in his arms. He was comfortable to lean against, not hard and bony like Jeff, and more Jenny's size. He held Jenny hard. She relaxed and let the will power ebb out of her. Then, suddenly, he released her. "Go to bed, Jenny. I'll call you in the morning."

JENNY was not sleepy. But she put the front door on the latch and took a mystery story into the bedroom with her. She did not hear Mr. Bones come in, but she had hardly met the corpse when there was an imperious scratch on her door. Jenny got out of bed and opened it. Bones, looking remarkably as if he were wearing pajamas and carpet slippers, sauntered in and climbed up on the blue satin comforter. He yawned three times and rolled himself into a ball. With smarting eyes, Jenny remembered that Jeff had called the position "Mr. Bones' poached-egg look." She bent down and dropped her blonde head on Mr. Bones' black one. "I won't let you go," she whispered fiercely. "Nobody can make me."

The next morning, promptly at ten, Henry called. "I've just talked to Jeff. He is willing to have a conference about the dog, but he insists on your being present. I thought, if you were willing, that we might as well meet at the lawyer's. Then you can both sign all the final papers. I don't want to rush you, darling, but I had my secretary check, and we can get you train reservations to Reno next Tuesday. Can you make that?"

"I—I don't know." Jenny felt confused. "I can't go until it is settled about the dog."

"Honey," Henry's voice was amused but it was also a little superior, "didn't I tell you that is what we are fixing this afternoon? Be there at five. I will get over there just as near that time as I can do it."

THROUGH the entire divorce discussion, Jeff had maintained an attitude of amicable indifference. He had moved cheerfully into the hotel, assuring Jenny that he had spent so much time traveling that he hardly noticed the difference. He had politely asked if he could meet Henry. When Jenny, with some misgivings, arranged a cocktail date at what was now her apartment, Jeff had turned up with a girl, a date for himself. "It made things more graceful, don't you think?" he had said the next day over the telephone.

They had had one previous session, without Henry, at the lawyer's office. The lawyer, of course, was Henry's, but Jeff got along fine with him. This time Jenny, nervously prim in a scarlet suit with deep nutria cuffs, and a small nutria hat, came in and found Jeff standing on a chair with his camera dangling open from a strap around his neck.

"I'm taking a shot of Mr. Jacques for the Law Journal," he said cheerfully. "You're just in time, Jenny. You can hold the light."

From long habit, Jenny meekly picked up the reflector and took a handful of flashlight bulbs. She stood, according to Jeff's directions, on a newspaper in a deep-cushioned leather chair and teetered perilously toward Mr. Jacques. The tableau, with Mr. Jacques looking legal and happy as its center, was thus arranged when Henry arrived. Jenny was aware that she was not being precisely dignified. But she was afraid to drop the lights. In real life Jeff was gentle as a lamb. But the minute he picked up a camera he became boss, and a tough boss.

He worked fast, as usual. In a few minutes he had his camera and lights repacked in the equipment case and the three of them were spaced around Mr. Jacques' desk with Mr. Jacques facing them.

Henry started the discussion. He said firmly, in his best captain-of-industry manner, "This may seem trivial to you, Mr. Jacques, but the question of the custody of the dog has come up. My—er—future wife would like very much to have him."

Mr. Jacques took up his handsome onyx-trimmed pen and gravely put a dot on a piece of white paper in

Is it Etiquet for everyone to kiss the bride?

It's Etiquet for only the bridegroom, relatives, and close friends to kiss the bride . . . it's always etiquet to be dainty-sweet. Avoid under-arm perspiration with Etiquet Deodorant Cream. Use it faithfully . . . every day . . . *surely* before every date!

At toilet goods counters
Double size 1 oz. jar 39c

It's Etiquet that Stops Perspiration

Etiquet stops perspiration and odour 1 to 3 days. 24% more effective. So creamy-soft, smooths on easily...vanishes at once. Protects precious clothes. Not irritating.

P.S. *Men too should observe Etiquet!*

THE ANTISEPTIC DEODORANT CREAM

front of him. "Nothing is too trivial to be discussed with me. I presume," he glanced at Jeff, "that you do not object to allowing your—er—present wife to have the pet?"

Jeff put his feet on Mr. Jacques' solid walnut desk. "You bet I do," he said clearly. "The dog stays with me, otherwise—I have Jenny and her Henry just about where I want them. She hasn't anything on me. I've led a highly moral life, I always brush my teeth, I've kept her in red suits and fur hats. I'm the one who should get some settlement out of the mess. Well, I want Mr. Bones. No doggie, no divorcee."

Jenny stood up. "Take your feet off that desk, you lousy show-off! Sit up like a man."

Jeff closed one eye and peered at Jenny with the other. "Why?" he said.

Jenny edged toward him. "Because," she said, "I'm going to hit you!" She drew back her hand and struck him hard across the mouth. Jeff did not move. But Henry jumped up and took Jenny by the arm and steered her firmly to where he had been sitting—with the desk between her and Jeff.

Jenny glared at Henry. "Well, you wouldn't hit him, so I had to."

Jeff's voice was languid. "You didn't need any help, kid. For such a little thing, you pack quite a wallop."

Henry stood between them, trying desperately to remove an imaginary piece of lint from a pristine coat sleeve. He cleared his throat. "Honey, that isn't a very satisfactory way to act. Jeff has done some compromising. Why don't you try to understand his point of view?"

"His point of view!" Jenny laughed nastily. "There isn't room in his head for a point of view to get in sideways. Nuts. No, Henry, there is only one thing to do. I've made up my mind. I just won't get a divorce. You and I and Mr. Bones will live in sin."

Henry sat down abruptly. He looked at Mr. Jacques piteously and, finding no encouragement there, straightened his shoulders. "Honey, don't make such a mountain out of a molehill. What if Jeff does want Mr. Bones? Let him have him. I'll get you a *good* dog."

THERE was silence in Mr. Jacques' office. Heavy, explosive silence. Jenny's face was white. Mr. Jacques, eyes down, put three more dots on the piece of white paper and carefully connected them with straight lines. Jeff was watching Jenny. She opened her bag and pulled a slim silver compact out of its chamois case. She inspected her face in the mirror. Then she closed the compact with a sharp click.

"Thank you, Henry, but I think I'll keep Mr. Bones. He may not be a very good dog, but I'm not a very good girl, either. You run along and find yourself a couple of other people."

Henry jumped frantically to his feet. "Honey, I didn't mean to be a brute. I only thought—all dogs are alike, you know. You get fond of all of them. I'll get you any kind you want. While you are in Reno, I'll send him to a special handler for training. You'll have an animal you'll be proud to take any place. Please, honey."

JENNY picked up her gloves carefully. Then she turned on Henry. "If you call me honey once more, I'll stick my hands down your throat and pull out your vocal cords."

Henry's hands dangled limply. His jaw sagged. "But you can't mean—"

"Don't be childish. I don't know how I stood it as long as I did. Whisky, room-temperature wine, dog walks on schedule, pretending you loved Bones. Henry Parton, you're a two-faced bore. A good dog, my hat. Go away!"

Mr. Jacques cleared his throat and made a large scalloped circle around the dots and lines. Failing to catch his eye, Henry turned pathetically toward Jeff. Jeff nodded.

"You see how it is, old man. Jenny's not stable. I got thrown out the same way. I was away on a little business trip trying to earn some money so that my wife could buy pretty clothes, and what happened? Some skunk began making passes at her and she dropped me like a dead mouse."

Henry quietly picked up his hat. The door shut behind him.

Mr. Jacques crumbled the white paper into a ball and tossed it into the waste basket. "That's why I have a silencer on my office door," he said. "I suppose now—you won't care to go on with our little legal business?"

Jenny smiled at him. "I've been an awful nuisance to you, Mr. Jacques. I suppose lawyers hate people like me."

"Oh," said Mr. Jacques, "to hell with lawyers. If I was only in some interesting line of work, like photography." To Jeff: "You send me those pictures and I'll call it square."

Jeff steered Jenny out of the office. On the street, he turned to her. "Where are you headed? I have the car. I'll give you a lift."

Jenny considered. "I really don't know. I was planning to hurry home and pack for Reno. I was going to

leave next Tuesday. Now I really haven't much to do. It's funny, isn't it?"

"Very," Jeff said. "Would you consider having dinner with your—present husband?"

"Don't you have a date? That girl you brought up to the apartment?"

"No," said Jeff, "I don't have a date. I haven't had very many dates, as a matter of fact. Being married makes a man lose his taste for that sort of thing."

"Jeff," Jenny put her hand on his arm, "Mr. Bones has been sleeping in the bed with me since you—left. It was sort of cute. He walked right in every night and insisted."

Jeff stopped short. "Jenny, you might as well know that if worst had come to worst, I would have let you keep Bones. I know how you love him. It was only that—well, I love you, too, and I was trying every way I could to hold you. I—I've even been dickering with that job in Hollywood again. I thought that if the Bones business didn't work and you went to Reno, I would be near enough to see you."

Jenny sighed. "Well, I'm not going to Reno. You wouldn't take that job last year; you said it was too dull and routine, photographing the torsos of Hollywood."

Jeff smiled at her. "Do you mind standing there just a minute and letting me get a good look at the gal who is still my wife? Baby, if you would be willing to—keep on—for a while, I might take that job. There wouldn't have to be any traveling."

Jenny looked up at him. "You would do that for me?"

Jeff shrugged. "I'd do it for myself. I'm afraid to keep on being a traveling man. Too many wolves like Henry in the world."

"He was a stuffed shirt," Jenny said. "I don't know why I was such a dope. But I was lonesome and I thought he would give me security. Security? I'd have been bored to death in two weeks. And he brought Bones all sorts of uplifting presents and he was disciplining him. I suppose he isn't really a good dog, but he has an understanding heart."

JEFF held out his hand. "For God's sake, darling, stop standing there being beautiful and talking about Bones. Will you try me again?"

Tears surged into her eyes. It was five thirty and most of Fifth Avenue was going home. Jeff and Jenny made a little island in the moving mass of people. Jenny drew close to Jeff. She put her head on his shoulder. "Jeff, sweetheart, may I tell you something? I love Mr. Bones and he's wonderful, but—do you know why I had to hang on to him so hard? He meant you to me—dumb, careless, crazy, fascinating you."

Jeff grabbed her hard. "God, baby, I've been through hell. I didn't blame you any of the time. It was my fault. I'm going to be a lot better husband from here in."

Jenny lifted her head. "I didn't want to go to Reno. I didn't want a divorce. But you seemed to be taking it so calmly. You didn't make a fuss or—"

"Say, why don't you two hire a hall?" A small boy stood staring at them.

Jeff laughed, put one arm around Jenny's waist and swung her into a run. "We don't have to," he called back. "We have an apartment. We're married. And I'm going home right now and kick a dog out of bed."

THE END

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LIBERTY

A MATTER OF JUSTICE

Continued from Page 9

"Do you remember the walk to the *Kurhall* at Diedesheim? Your feet were sore, coming home, and you were a little drunk. I carried you." The hills and the next path on the side of the hills and the whitewashed inn when they came back were as vivid to him as the bluebird house in front of the barn at Georgetown.

"Elsa."

"Yes, *Herr Leutnant.*"

From far off, then clearer and louder, there came the sound of teen-age boys singing on their way home!

"In unserer Heimat ist alles bequem—"

The rich harmony was now everywhere. Torgersen answered impulsively in soft baritone:

"In solches Heimat ist jeder angenehm—"

He stopped, embarrassed. "Except me. I am not acceptable, not *angenehm,* am I, Elsa?"

He was startled to feel her hot face pressed against his cheek. "You are—much more than acceptable—Francis." Her fingers were touching his shoulders, fluttering like moths trapped at a window. "Of all the —the enemy, you would be least likely to forget that we are—people." Her whisper was forlorn. "It seems to us that all of you have forgotten."

"No, not all of us. But some of you would like to be forgotten—overlooked." His voice was bitter.

SHE stiffened and pulled back.

"Not you, Elsa. I didn't mean that." He drew her close and kissed her then. "This," he said, "I have never forgotten."

"Nor I, Francis." She clutched his arms fiercely. "Francis—yes, I must say it!"

"Grüss' Gott, Elsa." The burly figure of her Uncle Kurt walked by.

"Grüss' Gott," they both answered. But Francis noted that there was no greeting for him. Twelve years ago Uncle Kurt had known all about him and Elsa, and approved. Now he spoke only to his niece. Uncle Kurt, who had despised Hitler.

"He didn't speak to me. Why?"

"That can wait, Francis. I don't know how to excuse myself for—for the way I've been. It was the silence for so many years." She was almost sobbing. "And the war, and now the occupation." She trembled in his arms. "But I shall make it up. Those —annoyances, Francis, aren't just that. I think that Kaufmann plans to kill you. He's losing everything. He's bitter and desperate."

"Yes, I know. So he's going to take a crack at me?"

"I'm sure of it. Francis, you must go home another way! Through the lane behind the Heinemanns'—"

"No, my dear. If Kaufmann has a gun, others know how he got it. I can't fight all of you. It's not only Kaufmann."

She clutched his arms again until her nails hurt his skin. "Oh, you stupid! Now you must go. Quickly, my beloved!"

"Good night, Elsa." He kissed her hard on the mouth. "You *do* remember. Good night, my darling." He wanted to hold her forever. "Tomorrow at eight, at the fountain? We could walk into the hills?"

She nodded, her face pressed into the hollow of his shoulder.

He whispered good night again, strode toward the lane which would take him past the Heinemann cottage. Impulsively, he almost felt like going home the way he had come, not as a gesture but as a way to end the whole mess. Elsa had been sure. . . . A shot in the night might bring things to a head. Invite the overt act, then use the strong hand. Very easy. But would that work in the long run? He was here to bring peace, discipline, not angry flare-ups through the years. And Mindesheim was Germany in little, milder perhaps than Prussian towns, but still a miniature of a gigantic angry picture.

He came out, after groping his way between the Heinemanns' garden wall and that of the next house, into the broad Neustadtstrasse.

HE felt at first only surprise when the stab of flame burst from Ballweg's doorway across the street. Elsa had told him to go this way. . . . Then the tearing pain in his shoulder left him fumbling for a house wall. Elsa had told him to go this way . . . this was the safe way . . . go quickly, my beloved. Kaufmann had been waiting, then, ever since . . . Torgersen was conscious when he

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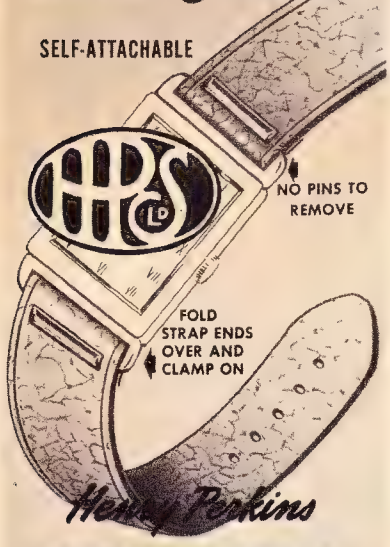

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sat down on the cobbled street. He heard the hurried tromp of Army shoes on the double. And he knew that Elsa . . .

He awoke with the pain still tearing his shoulder. Otherwise he felt not too bad. He got awkwardly out of bed and rang for his orderly.

"Well, Simmons, what's the dope?"

"Some Hun winged you, sir. Dr. Holz taped you up. No bullet."

Torgersen considered his next move.

"Simmons, take two men and arrest Ernst Kaufmann. Hearing at the Rathaus at ten. Serve summonses on Wilhelm Ballweg, Kurt Norden, Fräulein Elsa Norden."

"Yes, sir."

"Did you men see any other possible witnesses?"

"Nobody, sir. But you're right about that Kaufmann. We saw him not—"

"All right. Bring him in."

Torgersen rang for his breakfast. This hearing, he knew, would be taken as a piece of personal vengeance, a drama in miniature of the whole mess. Even men like Holz, incorrigible liberals who had kept their ideals through all the years of oppression, would doubt him now. As for Elsa—he had pushed into the back of his mind, as he lay gasping on the cobbles last night, the bitterness of her betrayal.

HE was surprised to see the crowd before the Rathaus. He walked through the opened lane mechanically, callous to the hostile air that closed him in. As he crossed the centuries-worn floor toward the council bench, he looked up contemptuously at the clean patch on the wall where the Führer's picture had hung. Justice had been absent here too long. He took his seat.

"Bring the prisoner Kaufmann in."

Torgersen searched the watching faces for the one he feared. She was off to the right with her Uncle Kurt.

"The prisoner, sir." His orderly was standing in front of the bench with Kaufmann.

"This, Kaufmann," Torgersen began in German, "is a preliminary investigation. I can send you to Neustadt to answer charges before a properly constituted court. I have no power to pass sentence. But I should warn you that anything you say here may be held against you." He hoped that his voice had the correctly stiff magistrate's tone.

"You are suspected of having shot and wounded an officer of the Army of Occupation at ten thirty-five last night, directly opposite the residence of Wilhelm Ballweg. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, but naturally, *Herr Leutnant.*"

"Very well. Will Kurt Norden please step forward?"

The husky railwayman left Elsa's side. He walked with diffidence.

"You have known the defendant for some years? Have you heard him utter threats? Would he be likely to

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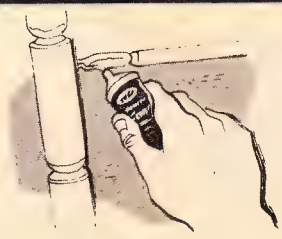

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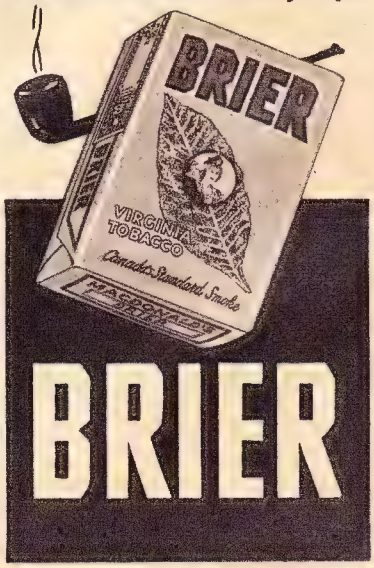

BRIER

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do this kind of thing? Your answer will not convict him, Herr Norden."

Uncle Kurt spoke slowly, monotonously: *"Herr Leutnant,* I have never heard the defendant threaten you."

Torgersen knew that further questions would do no good. "Wilhelm Ballweg, will you please step forward?"

No, Ballweg had heard nothing, seen nothing, suspected nothing of the use to which his premises were being put. The shot had been his first warning that anything was amiss. No, he had never heard the defendant utter threats.

Torgersen tried to keep his voice steady as Ballweg returned to his place in the crowd. "Will Elsa Norden please step forward?"

As she came toward the desk she kept her eyes lowered, but when she stood before him Torgersen thought he saw her shoulders stiffen. She's ashamed, he thought; she finds this hard. Well, so do I.

He asked the routine questions. Yes, she lived at the residence of Ernst Kaufmann. Yes, she was mistress of the school. And then, for one second, she lifted her eyes to look into his. And what he saw there—unutterable misery and compassion and tender regret, for him, for herself, for her people and his, told Torgersen what he had always wanted to believe. She had not known that Kaufmann would be there in the night. She *had* tried to save—an old sweetheart.

Torgersen's outward calm almost splintered. "Have you heard the defendant, utter threats against the personnel of the Army of Occupation?"

The crowd stirred. Hans Gronert, the mail carrier, whispered loudly, "Unbearable." They all knew about Elsa and the American, had always known. They were moved as crowds are in moments of suspense, by mixed feelings of sympathy and charity and spite and hate.

ELSA NORDEN'S voice rang out boldly. "*I* have heard the defendant threaten you, *Herr Leutnant.*"

There was a sighing in the crowd, a few angry whispers.

"Pardon me, Fräulein. I did not hear exactly. . . . Will the recorder please—"

"Not at all necessary, *Herr Leutnant,*" Elsa interrupted. "Not an hour before you were shot, I heard Ernst Kaufmann threaten to deal with you."

"*'Ihn zu behandeln,'* 'to deal with' the—ah—victim of the assault. Those were the exact words, Fräulein?"

"Correct, *Herr Leutnant.*"

"Did you—this is very important, Fräulein—did you see the defendant leave his house after this threat?"

"I did not."

Torgersen sat back. Under his ribs he felt a palpitation.

"That will be all, Fräulein." He waited until she stood beside her uncle, her head once more bent. He thought he knew what the impact of what he was about to say would be on these people. Perhaps they wouldn't even understand it.

"There is no direct evidence against the prisoner. No one has been found to testify that he was abroad at the hour of the crime. True, one witness has testified that the defendant threatened to 'deal with' the victim of the assault. Those words could be construed as proof of malicious intent. But in the absence of other evidence they cannot be so construed."

Torgersen noted the bewildered stirring in the front rows. Perhaps they didn't understand, after all. But they would think about his verdict, talk it over at Jodl's, and in time they would understand.

"The prisoner is free. The charge is dismissed."

The shuffle and buzzing rose to a clamor. Torgersen got out as quickly as he could.

He stayed in his room all the afternoon, even having his lunch there. He busied himself with neglected paper work. He stayed away from the window. Trying to tell what people thought from their gestures as they walked by, the unheard words of their moving lips would do not good.

Then, in the early evening, Torgersen left the inn, sauntering past the porter as if this were the regular hour for an after-dinner stroll.

"Grüss' Gott!" the porter said heartily.

"God greet you!" Torgersen answered with satisfaction. He moved slowly through the streets. There were few to be met at this hour. A delayed winegrower carrying his spray tank from the vineyard passed without greeting. But he would know nothing, probably, of the morning's events. Some few women sitting on doorstoops looked as if they wanted to say a word but couldn't.

THEN, in the Schillergrasse, Torgersen saw Uncle Kurt.

"God greet you, Herr Norden! Home late this evening."

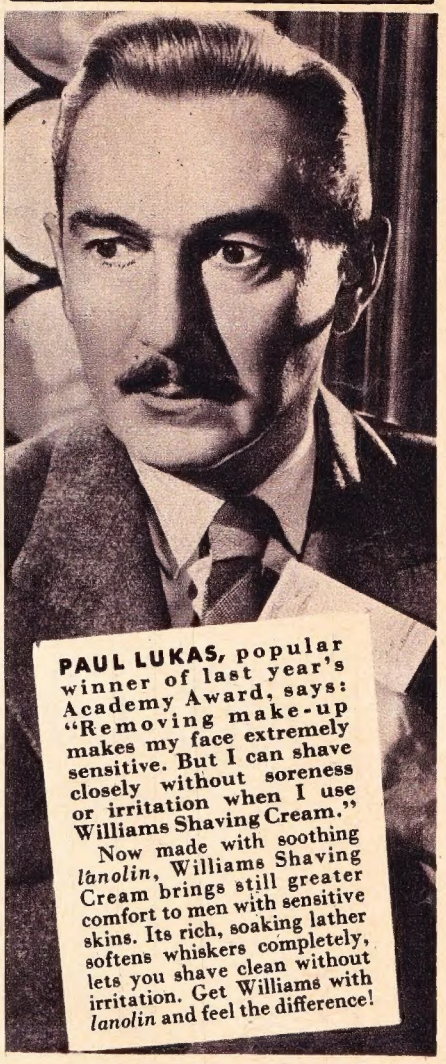
"Grüss' Gott', Herr Leutnant!" Uncle Kurt paused. Bluntly he added, "You are a wise young man, *Herr Leutnant. They* will know what you meant." The squat figure marched quickly on.

Going briskly toward the fountain at the north end of town, Torgersen reflected that things were better. Oh, there would be Kaufmanns left. Perhaps the whole people was warped. Or simply too long forced to live with warping fear? Not all of them, no. Uncle Kurt and Dr. Holz. There must be some way out. For now, at any rate, the night was still.

Torgersen thought of the slopes of the Harz dim above the town, and of the walk home from Diedesheim. He hoped that Elsa would be at the fountain, would wish to walk tonight. It was surely not too late.

THE END

ACTORS' FACES
are extra sensitive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VOL. 22, NO. 46

THE COST OF PEACE

THERE is a good deal of loose thinking current in these days. The easily plausible argument that if we could accomplish so much for war, surely we should be able to do as much or better for peace is one that flies in the face of the cold logic of fact. Yet on this unstable foundation we have been ready to base our thinking on wages and employment, on reconversion and foreign relations and social legislation.

There is, of course, a certain facile cogency in the arguments that spring from this way of thought: If we can pay such wages to provide munitions of war, why should we not be able to pay as much to provide the commodities of peace? If we can find unlimited employment in the unproductive agencies of Army, Navy, and Air Force, what is there to prevent us finding full and continued employment, if necessary at government expense? If we could find markets for our commodities in the grim days of war, why shouldn't these markets be assured to us forever?

It is a temptation to accept such judgments, tempting and wholly dangerous, for they overlook the essential fact that nowhere do the circumstances of war and the circumstances of peace parallel one another. "All that a man has, will he give for his life." There, in essence, is the difference between what we can do in war and what we may do in peace. The ways of peace do not involve our life, our enduring liberties, our loyalties, our essential beliefs. The ways of peace involve only our common sense and our estimate of relative values. Will a man do as much for something his common sense tells him is sound as he will for his life and freedom?

In the years past we reached enormous production. We worked extreme hours, we submitted to government regulations that we would not endure in peace.

We also produced at disastrous costs and accepted colossal waste because life and liberty were in the balance. A nation was put into a strait jacket. Its people were told, "You will work here, under these conditions, at this wage. You will shut off your normal activities, shut out most of your accustomed comforts, forgo many of your liberties, and concentrate on one end."

The people of Canada met these conditions without complaint. They accepted taxation that amounted almost to expropriation, and that demanded of industry that it should operate without the normal incentive of profit to offset risk. They bore individual taxation that meant that one third or one half of their time they were working for the tax collector. They were restricted in their spending, directed in their saving. Where they secured a higher wage it was in employment they were not permitted to leave, at a wage they were forbidden to increase. Whether they sold their goods abroad or at home, the price was arbitrarily set for them. On this pattern of life they won through to victory.

While we toy with the idea of maintaining unchanged in peace the pattern of war years, with their swollen employment, exorbitant wages, clamoring markets, let us remember this darker picture—the lost liberties, the dead incentive, the prodigal waste that has but one end, the moral and financial bankruptcy that has overtaken every nation that lived by the ways of war.

Joseph Lister Rutledge

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

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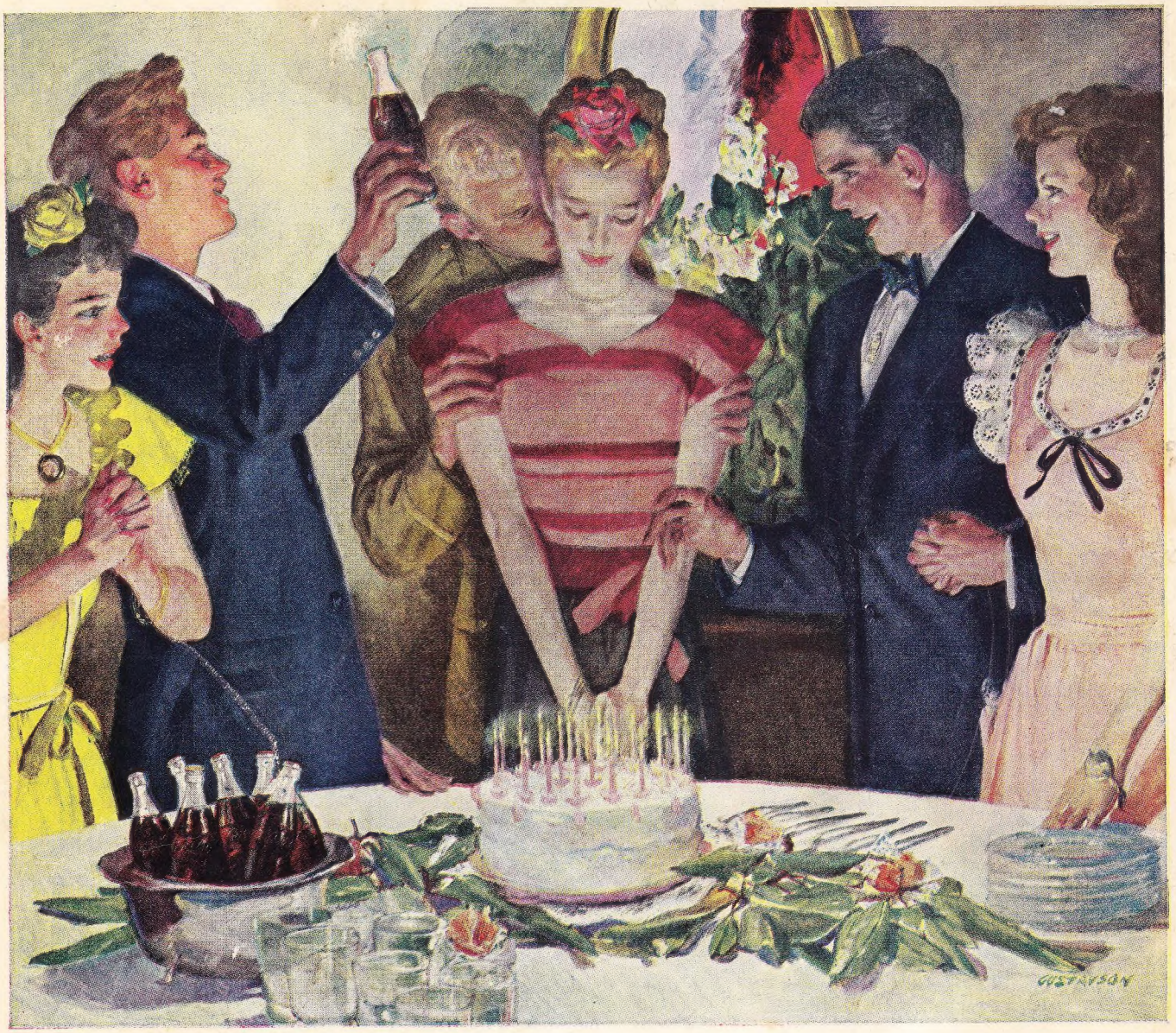

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